

The Holy Cross Magazine

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"From the Holy Cross Press, West Park, N. Y., has come *The Gloria Psalter*. In his foreword, Fr. Hughson explains the purpose and the principle that have guided him in the compilation of this little book. The purpose is to aid in giving devotion and homage to the Blessed Trinity. The principle is to adapt psalms (or portions of psalms) to this kind of worship and devotion. It is true that from ancient times Christians have sought to render Jewish hymns into Christian praises by adding the *Gloria Patri* at the end of every psalm. Fr. Hughson has gone into the matter much more deeply and profoundly. He has taken every one of the 150 psalms and selected a verse, or verses, therefrom peculiarly applicable to each of the Persons of the Trinity. Under the heading "Glory be to the Father" he has placed the appropriate verse or verses; so also with "Glory be to the Son" and "Glory be to the Holy Ghost." Then "As it was in the beginning . . ." comes at the end of the entire psalm selection. The result of his careful work is a valuable manual of devotion, as well as a means to closer understanding and worship of the Triune God."

—From a review in *The Living Church*

"To people of mature devotional life *The Gloria Psalter* will come as a refreshing discovery and should prove fruitful both in method and content for Meditation. Each of the 150 psalms yields a threefold "glory"—a verse of praise to the Father, another to the Son and a third to the Holy Ghost. And it works! Without forcing!

—From a review in the *Anglican Theological Review*

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The Holy Cross Magazine

May



1947

John Donne

Ad Senescentem Mundum

By RUTH WILLARD

BEN JONSON remarked that he "hath a mind to be a churchman, and so he might have favour to make one mon to the King; he careth not at thereafter should befall him, for he would not flatter though he saw death." This comment was called forth by John Donne's conversion, acceptance of Holy Orders in 1614 and his elevation to the post of royal chaplain. Doctor Jonson had been mostly sour—to say of his friend Dr. Donne. But, as no one can make windows into the hearts of men, it is futile to speculate as to the motives which resulted in Donne's conversion to the Anglican Church and his immediately turning against the Roman Church with such violence that he suggested one who had long been hated for revenge. Donne had

been bred a Romanist. His mother was of high lineage, the direct descendant of Sir Thomas More's sister. The strong Romanist influence in Donne's early life was undoubtedly derived from his mother. As a child he was instructed by private tutors, all Romanists, until at the age of twelve this precocious child entered Oxford, and after three years proceeded to Cambridge. During this period he pondered and absorbed the logic of the medieval theologians, and as a result acquired a mind attuned to the niceties of theological argument. In 1590 he went up to London, and prepared for legal training at Lincoln's Inn, where he began his study in 1592. Like an adolescent Athenian he loved dialectic and argument for its own sake and this legalistic turn of mind left an im-

print on all his works, from the early love lyrics to the meditations and sermons of his maturity.

A Fastidious Young Man

John Donne was far more worldly than is commonly supposed. Just how much his fierce contempt for the courtiers of his day, particularly as exemplified in his fourth *Satyre*, was the product of his own frustrated ambition, we can only conjecture. Donne's mother, like the single-hearted Romanists of her day, regarded Elizabeth as an upstart Jezebel, and in a London where everybody knew about everybody else, this would have made Donne *persona non grata* at court. Donne as a young man referred to himself as "not dissolute but very neat, a great visitor of ladies, a great frequenter of plays, a great

writer of conceited verses." And this fastidious young man about town had a conception of woman as extravagant as it was cynical. In his twenties, Donne traveled on the continent, was a member of the Cadiz expedition led by Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, and as a result of considerable indulgence, along with the purchase of many books, he managed to exhaust his fortune that he had acquired upon coming of age.

In 1600 while acting as secretary to Sir Thomas Egerton, he fell unquestionably in love with Anne More, and a year later they married secretly. His wife was the niece of Lady Egerton and the daughter of Sir John More, and for the effrontery of his over-ambitious marriage (Donne was not financially eligible for matrimony by that time) he was cast into Fleet Prison for a short time. Thereafter he lived seven years on very bad terms with his choleric father-in-law and on very close terms with adversity. Izaak Walton calls Donne's marriage "the remarkable error of his life." Albeit there seemed to exist a sweet harmony between them in spite of the long years of dependence and squalor which they were forced to endure.

Donne's conversion to the Anglican Church did not take place until a year after Elizabeth's death, but for some time prior to that event, he had been ailing and in a highly neurotic condition. His essay on suicide, *Biathanatos*, in which he tried to vindicate the position that taking one's own life was not necessarily and essentially sinful, was written during this period. It is quite possible that Donne went through a spiritual crisis at this time which, after many misgivings on his part, resulted in a determination to enter into sacred orders. The fact that King James, at the close of 1614, sent for him and "descended to a persuasion, almost to a sollicita-

tion of him" to do so must have hastened his decision. For, shortly thereafter the bishop of London "proceeded with all convenient speed to ordain him, first deacon, then priest."

Death-in-Life

Ben Jonson anticipated the verdict of modern criticism when he said that Donne wrote all his best pieces before the age of twenty-five. These include the love lyrics, the elegies, the satires, the epigrams and some of the marriage songs. In connection with the love lyrics, John Dryden complained that Donne "perplexed the mind of the fair sex with nice speculations of philosophy when he should engage their hearts and entertain them with the softness of love." Dryden failed to realize that Donne was trying to explain love to himself. In a sense that was precisely what Dante was trying to do in *The Divine Comedy*, but in a wider horizon embracing all human activity and experience. We need not look far to find the reason for Donne's popularity today and especially the popularity of his love lyrics. On the surface they are urban, sophisticated, cynical, but well constructed, almost too diagrammatic and possessing a brittle structure of images. But beneath the amorous cynicism of Donne's youth, as beneath the eloquence of the sage and divine, moved one unrelenting anxiety: Death. The Elizabethan, unlike his continental contemporary, never gave himself wholly to the sensualism of the Renaissance. Humanism and the new learning never penetrated the shadowy medieval crypt where lay the dust of the forebears awaiting the dust of the sons; the minor music which concludes the madrigal was also the prelude of the dirge. *Timor mortis conturbat me*. Now to a mind already medieval in cast, like Donne's, these imaginings were irresistible. One of his

more forceful poems which, incidentally, contradicts Jonson's verdict that Donne wrote *all* his best poems in his youth, is his collection *Holy Sonnets*, the subject, death.

Death be not proud, though
some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for
thou art not soe,
For, those, whom thou thinkest
thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poore death, nor
canst thou kill mee.
From rest and sleepe, w
but thy pictures bee,
Much pleasure, then from
much more must flow,
And soonest our best men
thee doe goe,
Rest of their bones, and so
deliverie.
Thou art slave to Fate, Cha
kings, and desperate me
And dost with poyson, w
and sicknesse dwell,
And poppie, or charmes
make us sleepe as well,
And better than thy stro
why swell'st thou then?
One short sleepe past,
wake eternally,
And death shall be no m
death, thou shalt die.

After Donne's entrance into the Church his poetry continued in a graver key and he produced some memorable works, such as the *Progress of the Soule* and the two *Anniversaries* which rank high in English sacred poetry. But the full attention of his genius was directed towards the prose cadence as embodied in his sermons and devotions. In a recent sermon we find his favorite theme, death, approached from another angle: "Doth not man die even in his birth? The beginning of prison is death, and the end is our birth, but a breaking out of prison? . . . We die every day; we die all the day long; and the cause we are not absolutely certain of we call that an eternity, an infinity of dying: And is there

in that state? why, that is the hell it self, Eternall dying, not dead."

This theme, death-in-life, is not the constantly recurring motif in Donne's work, prose and verse, but it might well be considered the predominant motif of serious poetry of which Shakespeare's sonnets stand out as a summe example. Time is the sub-matter of these sonnets as it is the subject matter of all lyric poetry. And what is "eternall dying, and not death" but the hell time? Yet, paradoxically, the poem is as free of time as eternity. It is the moment made eternal.

Metaphysical Poets

Metaphysical is a word devoid of content. It has small merit to it as it has come to have so many meanings that it has no meaning at all. In the early seventeenth century a small group of heterogeneous poets, including Donne, were classed as "metaphysical poets." This school included such similar poets as George Herbert and Sir John Suckling, to mention extremes. Now I am at a loss to know what constitutes a metaphysical poet." Dr. Johnson defined the style of the "metaphysical poets" as one in which

"the most heterogeneous ideas are yoked by violence together." In a sense that is what all poets do because paradox is at the root of poetry. The metaphor, the trope, the figure of speech is the basic tool of the poet. And metaphor and all figures of speech depend on comparison. They harness two objects in our physical or emotional universe which on the surface appear to have no relation. And it is this conjunction of opposites (i.e. paradox) which is the most persistent and salient feature of our experience. If one considers "religious experience" the most intense, this is easily comprehended, for a life devoid of paradox is essentially irreligious. It denies the co-existence of good and evil. The mysteries of God becoming man in the Incarnation; of man both sinner and made in the image of God; of the omnipotence of God alongside the existence of evil; of man a free agent capable of losing his soul and yet guided and cared for by Providence; these are the ultimate religious paradoxes. They are the final word about the nature and destiny of man; they are the conjunction of opposites and the despair of the rationalist. Now if the acceptance of these dogmas as implied in the poetic

attitude constitutes a "metaphysical poet" then certainly John Donne and George Herbert are "metaphysical poets." But so are many others not included in the original group.

Donne could in no wise be considered a mystic. In his work we find no sentiment expressing the "flight of the alone to the Alone." Donne was a lover of society. He was a city man. And King James was well aware of it when he made him Dean of St. Paul's. "Dr. Donne," said King James, "I have invited you to dinner; and, though you sit not down with me, yet I will carve to you a dish that I know you love well; for knowing you love London, I do therefore make you Dean of St. Paul's." Donne saw in the *urbs mundi* a point of departure towards the *urbs beata*. He loved conversation. "Consider the joy of our society and conversation in heaven, since society and conversation is one great element and ingredient into the joy which we have in this world." Indeed Donne's poetry is primarily conversational. It addresses the intellect. It is definition through metaphor.

Seventeenth century English poets could treat great subjects lightly. It is this characteristic, plus the fact that the roots of their religious tradition went deep, that makes their religious and devotional poetry unique. Today devotional poetry is in disrepute, and, judging from the samples submitted for public scrutiny, not without justification. The reason for this is, I suspect, pious insincerity. In reading a great deal of so called devotional poetry I have the feeling that the author is trying to express what he *wants* to feel or what he thinks he *ought* to feel, not what he *does* feel. The capacity to write poetry is a rare gift and, in this age, religious emotion of the first intensity is



Pentecost May 25th

undoubtedly rarer. Is it not too much to expect to find both qualities in the same person?

A Poet of Light

John Donne, contrary to modern examples, avoided the scylla of pious insincerity and the charybdis of technical incompetence. Charity without irony tends in the direction of sentimentality whereas irony without charity develops into cynicism. Now one of Donne's most endearing qualities is his capacity to view natural passions with an almost supernatural irony. In an Easter sermon he asks, "Amorous soule, ambitious soule, covetous soule, voluptuous soule, what wouldst thou have in heaven?" In his poem *A Hymne To God the Father* he achieves a similar irony by that favorite and frivolous Elizabethan trick, punning. He links his own name with the word of finality.

I

Wilt thou forgive that sinne
where I begunne,
Which is my sin, though it
were done before?
Wilt thou forgive those sinnes,
through which I runne,
And do run still: though still
I do deplore?
When thou hast done, thou
hast not done,
For, I have more.

II

Wilt thou forgive that sinne by
which I have wonne
Others to sinne? and, made my
sinne their doore?
Wilt thou forgive that sinne
which I did shunne
A yeare, or two: but wal-
lowed in, a score?
When thou hast done, thou
hast not done,
For, I have more.

III

I have a sinne of feare, that
when I have spunne
My last thred, I shall perish on
the shore;

Sweare by thy selfe, that at my
death thy sonne
Shall shine as he shines now,
and heretofore;
And, having done that, Thou
haste done,
I feare no more.

Thus the ignoble device of punning is raised to noble usage in the service of seventeenth century religious poetry.

Dante is preëminently the poet of light. From "the milder shades of purgatory" to the final illumination of the last *Paradiso* canto, he symbolically utilizes light and color in every way conceivable to attain his end. In contrast Donne might be considered a poet of the shadow. The title of his poem, *A Lecture Upon the Shadow*, is a comment on his whole life. And this by his own admission, "When I consider the past, and present, and future state of this body, in this world, I am able to conceive, able to express the worst that can befall it in nature, and the worst that can be inflicted upon it by man or fortune; But the degree of glory that God hath prepared for that body in heaven, I am not

able to express, not able to conceive." One is tempted to impute to Donne the same quality as Jonson's panegyric of Shakespeare, and say that Donne is a poet not for all time, but for his age. His recognition, in his poetry, that the formal method of the Renaissance which no body needed shaking up, that the delicate music of the Elizabethan lyric was being stifled by conventionalizations, that the Platonic radiance of Dante had been eclipsed by the minor sonneteers, both English and continental, and the general realization that the Renaissance genius and zest for life was dying out; all these factors contributed to giving his poetry strength, vigor and toughness of thought. Every poet writes his age, and Donne who lived, as we today live, in an age of dismay and indecision, has become a center of increasing interest. The nineteenth century, an age of complacency, had no use for him. Donne is a comfort for a period of dejection, a light takes us down the labyrinth of uncertainty with only the promise of light to come. He gives tolerance to the dark and troubled side of the truth, the side hidden from the light.

A Newcomer Looks at Saint Andrew's

By MRS. LEOPOLD KROLL

VISITING an institution and living in it are just as different as visiting a family and being a member of it. In both cases one is treated as a guest. The entertaining family puts on its best manners when a visitor is there. So does the institution. In both cases joys are shared, troubles are hidden; good qualities paraded, bad qualities hushed up. On a visit one has a good time, admires the setting, likes or loves the hosts. But one *must* be a part of either a family or an institution to know it and judge it.

Six months ago I visited Saint Andrew's. I thought: "What a lovely peaceful spot to live in!" I still think so even though school was closed at that time, with no student on the campus. Now it is teeming with life, overflowing with almost a hundred boys, ranging in ages from twelve to eighteen and in size from the smallest boy to several six footers, varying equally as much in mentality, disposition and personality. Now I am a part of the institution. I know its show places and the places to be hidden

ing points and its weak ones. We've looked at it with critical eyes and tried to answer some of the questions that have been asked. Let us look at some of those. Recently a prominent church member said to me that she had been told many times: "I won't let my child to a Church School where there are too many problem children there, and I do not want my child to associate with them." A friend wished to know if this was true and I replied that it all depends on what is meant by "a problem child." If she meant juvenile delinquents—certainly this does not apply here.

Problem Boys

Let me elaborate on the problem children we have at Saint Andrew's. The boy who will not study is, of course, the most outstanding one. Recently one of them told me he was here because he loved to hunt and spent his time doing that instead of getting his lessons. He was perfectly cheerful about it and is making good—not only getting his lessons but a lot beside. Here he has a definite routine laid out for him every hour of the day. There is time to "go hunting," no dogs or guns to tempt him.

A second type of problem child is one who is irregular in his work. For one reason or another he has moved from one town to another, from one part of the United States to another. Standards and curriculum vary. He earns only a few credits to graduate from one high school, but below standard in another. The few years have played havoc with his home life. Through no fault of his Bill has a problem. The teachers at Saint Andrew's untiring in their efforts to help him out these difficulties. There are supplementary study periods, private coaching, an extra examination or anything needed to help Bill win.

Then there is Joe whose moth-

er is widowed. She must make a living, so she cannot stay at home and see that Joe studies. He has no father to advise him, and what boy from seventh grade through high school doesn't need a father? At St. Andrew's Joe has a regular study hour—no one to play with except at the right time. So that problem is solved. So is the problem of the fatherly advice. The Headmaster is untiring in giving of himself to the boys. He knows how to reach them, too. So is the Chaplain, the athletic coach, and the other Masters—manly men, admired by the boys for what they can do; respected for their authority and loved for their Christian personality.

I wish I did not have to say it but I must. Many of our boys come from broken homes—divorced parents, in some cases with remarriage by both parties. The problem is the same in many respects as the half or the whole orphan, but more acute for there is certain to be a complex here—a feeling of shame—of divided loyalties—of necessary explanation—of aloneness. Some time ago I overheard one of the small boys being taunted—as children will taunt one another the world over. His reply was: "I do not live with my Mother. I live with my Father." What a story that remark conveys!

A small boy said to me recently: "I do not know what I will do if I do not hear from my Mother soon. It has been almost two weeks now." Then blinking his eyes to keep back the tears he explained in a choking voice that,

of course, she was busy and the town she lived in far away. Excusing his mother for her neglect! That incident made me glad that Saint Andrew's has some women on its staff to whom these boys can turn.

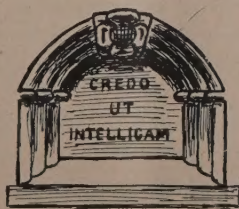
Matron's Work

Did you know that the matron lives in the smallest boys' dormitory? That she takes care of their spending allowances? Puts their candy in her ice-box and gives them her key to go in and get it when she is not there? Of course, she is a Mother. Her own boys are grown now but she is mothering other boys and doing a fine job of it as was evidenced by their giving her a surprise party before Christmas.

Broken homes. It is sad enough when the break is caused by the death of a parent, but doubly sad in these days of easy divorces. Surely the Church has a task here and I believe that alone would justify Saint Andrew's existence.

Problem homes and problem boys. "But what," you will say, "of the boys who come from homes that are intact—the happy homes?" Surely such boys are found here, many of them. One young teacher remarked a few days ago: "Don't you just know that you would love any child from such and such a home? Isn't it grand that we have two of them here? I've never met them but I know what kind of parents those boys have."

If an instructor feels the influence of that home, hundreds of miles distant, through two of its members, what of the boys' companions? These boys soon learn to evaluate their own happy home in its true light and to share it with those less fortunate. In some cases they invite a boy to spend a holiday with them. Or they simply become a friend to the lonely little chap. So the influence of that home goes out through its members and we hope by comparison



and contrast will help stem the tide of broken homes in this new generation. Happy boys from happy homes, problem boys from problem homes, average boys from average homes, we have them all at Saint Andrew's.

Someone will certainly say: "But I thought a Church School taught religion. You have said nothing about that." So it should and so it does at Saint Andrew's. Isn't all the above religion? The formal type is here, too, but so unostentatiously taught that even those of us who live here hardly know of it. Compulsory Chapel attendance? Yes, once a day but I've never seen a roll taken or heard of a boy skipping. And so it is at the two compulsory services on Sunday. But I do know that recently eight boys were baptized and there are others being instructed. I overhear boys saying: "Father said this," or "Brother said that." So it is talked and taught, by precept and example—taught and lived as those of a Religious Community know how to teach it and live it.



Our Lady

An Appeal to the King

By IVY BOLTON

I WILL brook no interference, Abbot Hilarius." The Sheriff of Winston Saint Mary brought down his fist resoundingly on the table. "I mean to clear out this nest of outlaws, impudent rogues that they be, this Rab of Whitechurch, a second Robin Hood, so please you, founding a village in the forest and gathering around him all the riffraff of the county. I will hang them to the last man and report to the king that, here, at least, there are no outlaws."

It was a stormy interview albeit that the tempest was all on one side. The Abbot Hilarius, as was his custom, was playing the part of listener. "The task is yours, Master Sheriff, if you can compass it," he said quietly.

"I shall compass it," the Sheriff answered grimly. "It is a warning that I am giving to you, my lord Abbot. It is known that you are a friend to the outlaws. At your peril help them this time. Half of our trouble comes from the folk of your ilk, who cocker the poor and aid the criminal. Religion is all right in its place."

"And that place you judge is not the forest?" asked Hilarius.

"It is not. The question here is the law. The red deer must be protected."

"A red deer is of more value than a man?"

"More than these outlaws surely. My demand is that you cease to aid them and get them away. There is wizardry in what you do. Over and over again, when I have gone to seize some man, he is not there, or else you appear with a pardon from the King or the regent."

"There is no wizardry," the Abbot returned. "I thank you for your warning, but it is amiss. You fight not me but the Lover

of the poor. You might defeat Abbot Hilarius, you cannot conquer Him."

"Who is the great lord you have cajoled, sir Abbot?"

"The One who was poorer than any of us, He who had nowhere to lay his head, our Lord Christ Himself."

The Sheriff moved uneasily. "You talk the jargon of the lords," he snapped.

"You know little of Lollards if you think this is it, Master Sheriff. The Lollard disapproves of the Lord Christ and the Church as much as you seem to do."

"What I want is a free hand," the Sheriff growled. "I have influence with the King and I will use it, if you try to balk me. I will distribute your dole as you wish, you will refuse sanctuary to outlaws, and you are not to try to influence my Lord de Burgh against this plan of mine."

The Abbot rose and bowed. "We will see how the matter comes out," he said with a smile. "I also may appeal, not to the king but to mine."

"You dare to speak treason?"

"No, but I go to One who your king will acknowledge: the King of Kings and Prince of Peace."

Conspiracy

With a dissatisfied grunt, the Sheriff flung his cloak about him and stamped from the room, a sturdy, yeoman figure, with a grizzled hair and beard, with a born chin, grim lips, and eyes smoldering with wrath. The Abbot rose and went to the oratory behind his room where the Lord Christ kept tryst with those who came to Him.

As the Abbot Hilarius returned and seated himself,

opened to admit the young
or Martin.

"There is trouble, Father," he
said. "The Sheriff is angry. Was it
necessary to vex him?"

"There is nothing we can do
that pleases him," the Abbot
replied. "We sinned past pardon
years ago."

The young Prior looked wor-
ried. "There is like to be vio-
lence, Father Abbot. Roger Mox-
ley overheard the conversation
between the Sheriff with my Lord de
Burgh. Boy-like, he warned Rab
that there is like to be the burn-
ing down of the Sheriff's house
and the barns of my Lord de
Burgh."

"By the outlaws?"

"Aye. Rab told the boy that the
Sheriff might have more pity for
a homeless lad than he no roof for
his head on a winter's night, and
that Lord de Burgh might have
pity with those who have
lost their right, if he lost storehouse and
land himself. It is madness for
men to do such deeds."

"Homeless, desperate men with
no hope, are not like to plan
wisely, my son. The Sheriff is
right when he says that outlaws
could not be. A lad shoots at the
red deer and henceforth, he has
no shelter but the forest, his hand
against every man and every
man's against him."

"What can be done? What
shall we do?"

"Not borrow tomorrow's bur-
den, my son. Go and find me a
messenger. I must send a letter
to my brother, Ralph. He is at
Winborne with the court."

He took quill and parchment,
and much mystified the Prior de-
parted on his errand. The Abbot
Hilarius made no explanation.
The letter in question was to be
sent directly to Sir Ralph and
the verbal message brought back.

Equally mystified was Sir
Ralph of the Dene. Over and
over again, he had offered to have
the Abbey of Winston Saint Mary

recognized by the great and pow-
erful, and always and consistent-
ly, Hilarius had refused. Now he
was asking that the King and
Queen be urged to visit the Ab-
bey as soon as might be. Sir Ralph
nodded his head wisely.

"What has he been doing
now?" he murmured to himself.
"Something must be grievously
amiss." He turned to the mes-
senger.

"I will do my best to fulfill his
desire tomorrow," he promised.

Adventure

It was a small but gay cavalcade
that swept up to the Abbey door
the next day. Sir Ralph dismount-
ed and smiled at the bowing por-
ter. The King sprang from his
horse and assisted the Queen to
dismount. Her eyes lit up as she
noted the busy court yard and
the monks surrounded by their
poor. The Abbot Hilarius re-
ceived his guests with cordial wel-
come and it was to his own room
that he led the King and Queen
for an interview alone. Richard
II had recently taken the reins of
government into his own hands.
He bade the Abbot be seated.

"Sir Ralph seems to think that
you are in some trouble, Abbot
Hilarius," he said. "Yet to my
eyes, everything seems to be pros-
pering. You seem to be having
less trouble than others with the
serfs. I hear however, that you are
the friend of the outlaws."

"That is quite true, Your
Grace," the Abbot answered. "It
is on their behalf that I would
plead with you."

"Outlaws are traitorous folk."
The young King frowned. "They
be the pest of England at present
and the Sheriff tells me that the
most dangerous one is this Rab of
Whitechurch."

"Our outlaws are troublesome,
there is no denying that," Hilari-
us returned. "The fault is not so
much with the outlaws, Your
Grace, as with them who made
them so. The initial crime in

most cases was a reckless lad ig-
noring the game laws. The Sheriff
says a red deer is worth more than
a man's life. I venture to dis-
agree."

"We have had the Game Laws
since the Conquest, Abbot Hilari-
us," the King returned doubt-
fully.

"And cruel laws they are." The
Queen suddenly interposed. "A
man's life for a chance shot at a
red deer, what utter folly! We
need friends, no foes, Richard."

He smiled at her with the love-
light in his eyes. "I walk with
dreamers," he said. "What am I
to do, Abbot Hilarius?"

"See the outlaws for yourself,
Your Grace. Will you and the
Queen come a-mumming with me
in the forest?"

"Walk into danger there?"

"Perhaps. We might be cap-
tured. At any rate, we should see
the outlaws at first hand."

"Come, let us go," said the
Queen. "Send forth our escort
and bid them come for us on the
morrow. It is adventure worthy
of a Plantagenet, Richard."

The King's eyes glowed. Per-
haps the memory of that great
day came back, when as a lad, he
had faced twenty thousand rebels
on Hounslow Heath and had
turned them into friends. He had
grieved always that his stern uncle
the Regent had refused to ful-
fill his boyish promises—per-
chance here was a chance to do
something better. He rose. "I will
send them all packing, Anne," he
laughed.

The Outlaws

That afternoon, the three went
out by the postern in the wall.
The Queen had borrowed hood
and cloak; the King wore his own
with his insignia hidden beneath
it. The Abbot Hilarius assumed
no disguise. "They know me," he
said and led the way into the
depths of the forest.

The King looked around him
with interest and admiration. "It

is good to walk unattended in the midst of this," he commented.

A man in Lincoln green challenged them but recognizing Hilarius allowed them to pass. The King laughed.

"You prove yourself the friend of outlaws," he said. "You know the forest ways too well, Lord Abbot."

"I have come here often to look after the sick and the sorrowful," Hilarius answered. "These men are grateful. They do not molest me or my friends." He led the way into a wider aisle and they came on a rude settlement.

It was just a huddle of shacks with never a door or window. A fire had been built in the centre and round it were crowded women and children. A little lad spied the newcomers and ran with a shout of welcome to Hilarius, a shout that other children took up. They clustered round him, clinging to his robe; little white faces were raised to him.

"How fares your mother, Margot?" he spoke to a slender maid of ten.

"She is no better, Father Abbot. The fever has gone but she grieves

still for the old home and the quiet ways. We have sent for my father who is walking up and down near the King's Highway."

"This maid is Rab's," said the Abbot quietly. "Lead us to your mother, little wench."

They entered the poor place and the Queen gave a cry of dismay at its barrenness. On a bed of boughs, a woman was lying, her face drawn with anxiety and pain.

"How fare you, Margot?" asked Hilarius.

"Sick at heart, my Father," she whispered. "They say we are to be hunted down. My husband and the children, what will become of them?"

"Nay, nay, fear not." The Queen ran forward to kneel beside her. "We shall surely find some way to help. We come as friends."

"Have you food, Margot?" the Abbot asked.

The child dropped her voice to a whisper. "There is enough for Mother," she told him. "I had bread this morning and need nothing else. I saved some milk for the baby. See, lady, is he not

a bonnie boy?" She lifted a sleeping child and held him out to the Queen.

Anne took him in her arms. "Unselfish little wench," she whispered to the King. "Fear not, we must do something."

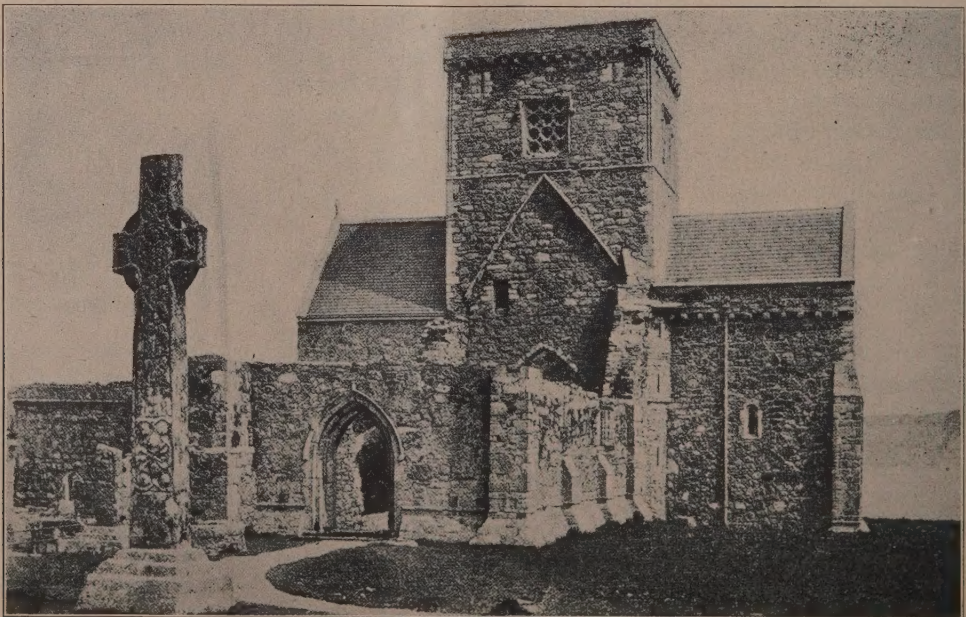
"What, I wonder?" he answered in an equally low tone. "We have already given permission to the Sheriff to enforce the law."

"If there were no outlawry there would be no difficulty," the Abbot said.

Margot was watching them with puzzled eyes. The three were outside. The other people had drifted back to the fire. Even where there was poverty and starvation. From the roads, a man joined them, dressed in shabby Lincoln green. He scowled at the strangers.

"What means this, Abbot Hilarius?" he demanded.

"Friends to you, Rab of Walsingham church," Hilarius made answer. "You need have no fear of trayal. And we be safe enough with you, as I know well. With this danger threatening I gave you credit for more than to bide so near the villa-



Iona

There are the women and children, Abbot Hilarius. Can we leave them to the Sheriff and his men?" The outlaw spoke bitterly. "I came to look after my own people, my sick wife, my starving children. We are outcasts. There is no place for any of us. Murder has been committed, but by faith, there will be murder, if we are endangered."

"Get you to safety with your men, Rab. I will care for these," Abbot promised.

"You yourself will be in danger, if you aid us," Rab said. Roger Moxham heard the Sheriff say so."

"I take the chance" The Abbot looked straight into the outlaw's eyes.

"A moment." It was the King who spoke and Rab swung round to face him. "If the way were open to a decent home and work, could you bide here?" he asked.

"Bide here?" The outlaw's face was a-quiver with emotion. "Bide here? Work for them? O Christmas mummer, jest not with me."

"Then appeal for pardon to the King, you and all your men."

"What has the King to do with us? He has his crown, his bauble and his deer. What does he know of cold and nakedness and hunger?"

"Gold and baubles cannot buy what a king desires, the love of his people."

"For that the impossible must be done and he would have to go forth. Let him forget his power and love his people better than his red deer. Let him give equal justice to rich and poor alike. I would that I could face him. I would tell him what it means, the pain, the loneliness, the starvation of those he exiles at a whim. Would that I faced him, I say—"

The King flung back his cloak. Then he faced him, Rab of Whitechurch."

"Well done! There speaks the royal Plantagenet," Hilarius murmured to the Queen. Anne's eyes were shining.

"You need not tell me much, Rab of Whitechurch," said the King. "I came hither to see for myself and I know now the cold and hunger and loneliness of you all. For each one of you, I have a free pardon. Gather your men and have them here tomorrow in the dawn. Such as will enroll themselves in my own body of archers I will take. Work shall be found for the others. With me, you shall march to Sherborne and don my livery. By noontide, I will have wagons here for the women and children. There is shelter aplenty on the royal estates. Do you agree?"

For a moment, Rab stood staring. Then he flung himself on his knees. The King's hand was caught to his lips.

"Faithful and true will I be to Your Grace," Rab murmured. The King's eyes were shining.

"Get you to work, Rab. There is much to be done. I will be here at dawn," he said. "Come, Abbot Hilarius. I shall need your aid with wagons and food." He put his arm about the Queen. Margot ran up to him.

"You are a King and you have saved us," she whispered.



He smiled down at her. "No word of this must transpire yet," he cautioned. "We must keep still tongues, till all is accomplished. My archers and the women I know that I can trust; will my children keep tryst with their King, Margot?"

She nodded. "I will make them understand, Your Grace," she answered and watched the three as they turned towards the monastery.

The King of Kings

Two days later, Lord de Burgh himself came to visit the Abbot Hilarius. He was a tall, grizzled knight, scarred with many a battle, his face strong and resolute, yet with lines of humor around his lips and eyes. Those lines were deepened now.

"Faith, sir Abbot, and what have you been doing?" he asked as he seated himself in the great chair opposite Hilarius. "The Sheriff is beside himself with wrath."

"He is unreasonable," said Hilarius. "I have obeyed him. I have given no dole to outlaws this Christmas, I have not warned them to run away, I have not hidden a single one in sanctuary."

"For the good reason that there were none," Lord de Burgh laughed. "I was expecting an appeal from you, so I kept out of the way. We marshalled our forces and marched into the forest to find empty shacks and not an outlaw to fight. The Sheriff went to lay a complaint before the King, a complaint in which you figured rather largely, Father Abbot. There we found him at Sherborne with his new bodyguard about him. Rab of Whitechurch is the captain and the bodyguard is made up of outlaws! The King informed us that they were all his loyal liegemen and the best archers in the royal service. The families are housed upon the royal estates. There was nothing to do but leave. The

Sheriff says you have over reached him again."

"I understand that he wanted a forest clear of outlaws."

"Not this way," Lord de Burgh chuckled. "He is eloquent about his wrongs. He declares that all the ambitious young men will be

turning outlaw and that the well-being of England is in peril."

"And what is your complaint, my lord?"

"I have none. There is peace in the forest and methinks we both owe you thanks, for a rumor has reached me that the Sheriff's

house and my barns were all in peril. I know not what your wizardry was but you have done a great deed, Abbot Hilarius."

"There is no wizardry in the matter," Hilarius answered quietly. "All I did was to make an appeal to the King of Kings."

The Christian in the World Today

By the Right Reverend C. AVERY MASON, S.T.D.

(Continuation of a lecture before the Society of St. Bede)

"IF your conception of God is radically false," said Archbishop Temple, "then the more devout you are the worse it will be for you. You are opening your soul to be moulded by something base. You had much better be an atheist." (*Christian Faith and Life*, Page 24.) The same principle applies to our question this evening. If we don't know what it means to be a Christian, then we are living under an illusion, and the consequences to our immortal souls may be drastic.

I suggest, therefore, that we consider our subject from two points of view. First, let us look at history. What has it meant to Christians in times past? Second, let us look at the span of human life and see what it means to be a Christian at each stage.

When we look at the Church of the first three centuries, we are struck by several very definite facts. The first is that those early believers did not have a New Testament in our sense of the word. There were the various writings of the saints but they had not been sifted out as to merit nor had they been collated and authorized by the General Church. In other words, the average Christian looked somewhere else if he wanted to define what it meant to be a Christian. The second fact we notice is that there was no universally accepted Creed in a full sense of the word. The Council of Nicaea wasn't

held until the year 325. The simple and fundamental belief in Jesus Christ as Lord seems to have been the earliest bond of a Creedal nature. Therefore, the Christians of these three centuries in order to answer our question could not refer to a complete Creed and say "There! That is what it means to be a Christian." The third fact we notice is that there was no universal liturgy. There were liturgies but no one liturgy. They had no Book of Common Prayer to which they could refer in answering our question, What does it mean to be a Christian?

From one point of view it would seem they were badly off. From another point of view they had everything. They had a burning faith in their hearts. These were the people who wrote the New Testament. Out of their own experience they knew which were the priceless writings of the saints. These were the people who wrote the Creed. They had an intelligent conviction about the nature of Christ and of the Church. The Creeds were written in the blood of the martyrs. These people worshipped and out of their varied experiences of worship have come the rich store of Christian liturgy. Above all the Power of Christ the King was active in their lives. It drove them to evangelize, it strengthened them at the stake, it clarified their minds and made them

measure the value of life correctly.

Listen to what they did. I quote from Harnack's *The Mission and Expansion of the Christian Church*, Vol. 2, P. 335. Harnack divides these three centuries into four periods of seventy years each. Here they are:

"1. Seventy years after the foundation of the very first Christian Church in Syria at Antioch, the spread of Christianity in Asia Minor was so remarkable that Pliny, the Roman Governor of Bithynia, wrote in the strongest terms that in his view it had already threatened the stability of other cities throughout the province; that the Christians were condemned to death, 'many of all ages and ranks, and even of both sexes would be in risk of their lives,' and that 'the infection has spread not only through cities, but into villas and country districts.'

"2. Seventy years later, Christian Churches were found in the territory of the Roman Empire lying between Lyons in the West and Edessa in the East, with Rome as its center. Justin (about A.D. 150) said, 'There is no single race of human beings, barbarians, Greeks or others—madmen, vagrants, herdsmen living in tents—where prayers in the name of Jesus the Crucified are not offered up.'

"3. Still seventy years after Christians had become such an important factor in the empire

they had to be called the three races: Romans first, Jews second, and Christians third. The empire and emperor learnt to recognize and dread 'the third' of worshippers, both as a nation and as a race. Decius, the emperor, said that he would rather hear with patience and unanimity of a rival emperor than of a Christian bishop in prison. This was in A.D. 250.

4. Before another seventy years had passed the cross was attached to the Roman colors."

Every Christian an Evangelist

What did it mean to be a Christian in those first three centuries? I put it briefly, it meant that in a numerically small beginning these men and women went forth and carried the Gospel 1500 miles east and west, 1000 miles north and south, made three million converts, and placed a Christian emperor on the throne of the world. Why did they do it? Because they knew that Jesus Christ redeemed them personally and brought the world into the Divine Society—The Church. This soul-shaking, empire-shaking, world-shaking fact could not be concealed, it had to be shared with others. How did they do it? First, by living as members of the Christian family and showing forth that such corporate living really counts. Second, by every man, woman, and child being an evangelist. There was no Society for the Propagation of the Christian Faith nor was there a Woman's Guild upon which could be dumped the responsibility and privilege of being an evangelist. To be a Christian meant to be an evangelist. The two were synonymous. Individually they evangelized, corporately they conquered the empire for Christ and His Church.

For our second view of history let us jump to the Middle Ages. What did it mean to be a Christian then? By this time the major

elements of the Christian Faith had been established. What we call Europe was Christian. What under those circumstances did it mean to be a Christian? Some of you may have read Zofia Kossak's biographical novel about St. Francis, *Blessed are the Meek*. One thing above others strikes you as you read such a book, namely, the other-worldly view people maintained. I do not mean that people were ethereal—far from it: the moral problem was serious. But the language, art and thought were concerned more and more with the future life. May I quote Reginald Tribe's *The Christian Social Tradition*? "In art as in all of life in the Middle Ages, other-worldliness was the distinctive mould of thought. Man was only a Pilgrim on earth and his true home was heaven. But even on earth he might partake in the life of the unseen and eternal. This sense of participation in the eternal governed his social life no less than his religion. It is interesting to note that it is part of the irony of things that when man was most other-worldly he made the best of the business of this world." Later Fr. Tribe says, "The glorious thirteenth century, the flowering period of the Middle Ages, with its eyes fixed on the eternal, provided mankind with the beginnings of a Christian civilization on earth. It was as the growing humanism of the Renaissance centered man's thought more and more upon this world and its interests that medieval Christendom, or reign of Christ began to break down."

We all know that in medieval times the theory of Christian duty and privilege was couched in eternal terms. The relation between the lowliest serf and his Manor Lord, and at every interval from the Lord all the way up to the King and the Church, always spoke of eternal responsibility. Sir Antonio and his theory of a just price was as much a part of

the system as was the belief in Christian vocation for every living soul. We who are accustomed to believing in inevitable progress seek to poke holes in the medieval fabric of Christendom. We find it difficult to believe that any age prior to our own was superior. However, it is the conviction of many that in several regards medieval Christendom was superior to modern secular nationalism. The answer to our question, In the Middle Ages what did it mean to be a Christian? involves at least the following:

All Life under God

First, it involved a sense of vocation in a complete society. Each man had a niche to fill in the structure of medieval life. Each man's work was within the framework of a society which in theory at least recognized the supremacy of God in all life.

Second, it involved living in a society which was dedicated to Christ. If you want to see what such a society is like read the lives of the saints at that time. Certain portions of our Prayer Book reveal the same point of view. Society was established, governments were not a law unto themselves. Said St. Thomas Aquinas, "It pertains to the office of a prince to care for the good life of his people in such a fashion as conduces to the attainment of eternal bliss."

Third, being a Christian in medieval times did not involve a sense of evangelism in the missionary sense. The assumption was that the task had been accomplished. The world of the medieval man was already Christian and for him that was the world that counted.

In the words of Bishop Gore (*Christ and Society*, Page 110): being a Christian involved an acceptance of this point of view, namely, "However great the failures and scandals in the life of the medieval Church, however gross its toleration of supersti-

tions, however far it was from presenting to Jews within or Mohammedans without the bounds of Christendom any such general vision of goodness as would draw them to Christ, however unchristian were its official methods of appeal and of discipline, it never incurred the ignominy of abandoning the idea of the Church as the representative of the Kingdom of God as a visible society on earth in which every aspect of man, every aspect of his individual and corporate life, was to be brought under the obedience of Christ. It never, in idea at least, suffered any district of life to fall outside its control, as if it could be carried on without reference to religion."

Now let us take a third look at history to determine what it means to be a Christian. After the bitterness of the Reformation and Counter-Reformation and the gradual growth of the State as a dominant factor in the world which gradually felt itself strong enough to pay only lip-service to Christ as supreme, there settled down on Europe an almost deadly disregard for what it really meant to be a Christian. If anyone wants really to find out how deadly it was, let him take off a year and read the three-volume *Cultural History of the Modern Age* by Egon Friedell. This deadening process continued for years until all of a sudden the bottom seemed to be reached with the outbreak of the French Revolution. Here appears to be the end of Christianity. To be a Christian had meant little, from now on it was to mean less—so it seemed. The French Revolution broke out in 1789, followed by the Napoleonic Wars. From 1789 to 1812, a period of 23 years, according to a list drawn up by Kenneth S. Latourette, the following things happened:

1789—Samuel Seabury, our First American Bishop, was consecrated at Aberdeen, Scotland.

1792—In the year of the Reign of Terror in Paris, the Baptist Missionary Society was organized, growing out of the work of William Carey.

1795—When the Wars of the French Revolution were getting under way, the London Missionary Society was organized.

1799—When Napoleon was returning to France from his campaign in Egypt, in an effort to break Britain's communications with India, the Church Missionary Society was formed.

1804—About the time that Napoleon was giving the greatest threat of invasion England had had between the Spanish Armada and the Nazi attempt in 1940, the British and Foreign Bible Society was organized.

1810—At the time when New England was distraught by our attempt to maintain our neutrality in the Napoleonic Wars, and on the eve of our second war with Great Britain, The American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions was organized in New England.

1812—While American ports were being blockaded by the British, the first party of American missionaries, of which Adoniram Judson was a member, sailed for India.

Missions Everywhere

The truth of the matter is that this period ushered in an era of missionary expansion which in terms of financial gifts and personnel sent out has never been matched in human history. What did it mean to be a Christian then? It meant that out of the doldrums of the previous centuries a mighty wind hit the Church and drove it to the four corners of the earth through missionary enterprise. I would hazard the guess that more money was spent during the 19th century in the missionary cause than during all previous centuries combined. Being a Christian meant

sending men to preach the Gospel in foreign lands. It meant missionary box, the mission hymn, the missionary society. Without intending to be critical it meant sending others to preach the Gospel in foreign parts. We are in no position to be critical for in large part we are not doing that. The weakness of the 19th century attitude toward missions was weakness it engendered at home, for a converted Chinese or Japanese coming to this country had a hard time visualizing the U.S.A. as the Christian nation which sent the missionary to him. On the positive side the accomplishments made during the 19th century were tremendous. When we think of the expansion of Anglican Communion and other communions throughout the world, I think we must admit that being a Christian meant missions.

Before we look at our own century to determine what being a Christian means, we ought to sum up these three ages, namely, the first three centuries, the Middle Ages, and third century to the 19th century. Isn't the story so much like this?

God in His infinite wisdom came to earth to reveal Himself more perfectly to man and to establish His Kingdom. During the first three centuries being a Christian meant spreading this astonishing fact. The success of these efforts is recorded history. Rome became officially Christian. Between the 4th and 13th centuries being a Christian meant a number of different things among which were establishing the faith in clear intellectual terms, striving to gain the mastery of secular powers, and, making the word Christendom synonymous with Europe. Let us never forget that the word Christendom is older than the word Europe as we use that word. The organization of the Church grew to the nations and states a ho-

city without which they could have survived. The name Europe remained until the 19th century only a "geographical extension." In the Middle Ages its name was taken by the words Church and Empire. The meaning of being a Christian was tied with this Church-State connection, or as Father Gavin used to call it "Sturch", which embraced what we call Europe.

Then came the breakup of the Church-State into various commonwealths and states.

Next in point of history we find the State coming to think of itself as self-sufficient. At this time there appears among Christians a sense of the missionary imperative; not on a European basis or American basis, but on a world basis. Thus we come to the question—what does being a Christian mean now?

As we turn into the 20th century we see a new movement arising up alongside the missionary movement. It was a movement Catholic in character, seeking to embrace all Christian commonwealths. This movement finally culminated in what we now call the World Council of Churches, which Archbishop Temple was lately the head. We see the same movement in the Chicago-Lambeth Quadrilateral which speaks of the need for re-establishing Christendom upon the basis of the apostolic creeds, sacraments, Orders, and canonical scripture. We see the same movement in the action of the February meeting of the House of Bishops, seeking a fuller expression of Pan-Anglicanism. The same movement is afoot in other commonwealths.

God's Kingship Accepted and Applied

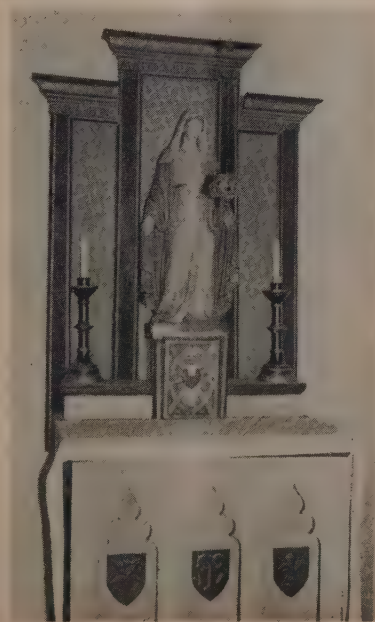
What does it all mean in terms of being a Christian today? May I suggest that it means first and foremost that we are out to conquer the world? We want to see

the medieval conception of the Supremacy of Christ in every area of life on a world basis. As there was a *Pax Romana* which made possible the spread of the Christian Faith and the establishment of Christendom, so we pray and believe there will be a *Pax* which will make possible not only the conversion of the world, but the establishment of Christendom on a world basis. Being a Christian today means that at home and abroad we are out to bring every area of life itself into the Church—the Body of Christ. Being a Christian means just that. We are so bold as to say that God in His wisdom is repeating the history of the first fourteen centuries on a world basis. One of the reasons for the breakup of Christendom from the 15th century until now was that Christendom became content with itself. Pride goeth before a fall; and the searchings of heart we feel today would seem to indicate that, having been humbled, we are now in a position to start anew. Do you not catch the vision—that we today, being witnesses to the breakup of secular civilization, having seen with our own eyes the utter futility of trying to run God's world

without God, are now called upon as members of Christ's Body to stretch every nerve and fibre to the rebuilding of a more glorious Christendom? This is what being a Christian means to me, and because it means all this we dare not give up one iota of the core of faith we have received. We will give up all sorts of frills and temporary expressions of the Faith, but the Faith itself we will not touch. We are as it were Christ's warriors against spiritual wickedness, the field of conquest is the world of men, and knowing our adversary for his skill and cunning we strip for action in a struggle to-the-death. It is the Faith that counts. It is the Faith in Christ and His Church which will win.

Looking objectively at the four areas of history we have discussed we can see this: The faith drove men and women of the first three centuries to evangelize the Roman Empire. The faith drove men and women of medieval times to strive to bring all of what we now call Europe under the sway of Christ. Every prince, king and peasant, every business and activity must acknowledge Christ as King. The faith drove men and women of the 19th century to evangelize the four corners of the earth. Protestants and Catholics alike felt the flame of the Holy Spirit and went to foreign parts.

The faith today will do in men and women what was done in medieval times until every President, Prime Minister, King, and Dictator, every corporation and business, every man and woman acknowledges Christ as King. One world demands one Church. But one Church means one Faith. And the Faith demanded is not the latest rumination of a humanistic mind, but the faith of the One Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church. We have been given that Faith at Baptism—it is not our Faith to give up or to change—it is the Faith of Christ



Crucified and Risen again. It is the very life of the Church. It is the foundation of a new Christendom which you and I are called upon by Christ Himself to build. We are His Body and the function of a body is to obey the mind.

What does it mean to be a Christian in our own personal lives? To discover this we ought to look at life as it is, not as it ought to be. The first thing I know about myself is that I was born. Birth opens up for each of us the possibility of knowing God through Christ Jesus. That sounds like a pious platitude but I'm afraid too many of us forget the debt we owe our parents. My youngest daughter surprised Mrs. Mason recently by saying, "Mommy I thank you for borning me." How often do we thank Mother Church for "borning" us? And yet there was an anguish when we were born into Christ's Body, the Church. Our Blessed Lord, a million saints and holy men and women paid the price of our admission into the Family of God. Having been born into the Church we are "members of Christ, children of God and inheritors of the Kingdom of Heaven." We dwell in Him and are part of Him as my hand is part of me. Being a Christian means that though all other relationships may fail—all other human societies may reject us—yet even so we are part of Christ's Body. The grace given to us at Baptism is not our just reward but the outpouring of God's love. It is this grace which makes it possible for us to live together as members of the household of faith. In Morning Prayer we pray for all conditions of men and yet too frequently if all conditions of men came down the center aisle of our Churches we would not recognize them as members of Christ. This fact is our shame. This fact gives the enemies of Christ all the ammunition they need to lay down



a terrific barrage against the Church. The fact that all conditions of men are baptized is one with which we must reckon; they are members of our body. Dr. Trueblood reminds us that too much of our faith has been placed in science as the power of brotherhood. Says Dr. Trueblood in *The Predicament of Modern Man*, p. 5, "Science was to unify the world (which it has) and bring in the day of brotherhood (which it has not)."

Born Again

Being a Christian means remembering that the rebirth which took place in me took place in every baptized Christian. Neither they nor I deserved it and any gradation as to merit is insignificant beside the fact of rebirth. The New Testament doesn't talk about "better" people but "different" people.

As we look at ourselves and others we know that by ourselves we cannot be the sort of member in Christ's Body we ought to be. Therefore, says Mother Church, "My son, you are growing up now: it's about time you became a man in your family; but you can't be a man until a change takes place in you. It's time for you to be confirmed." The grace that comes at Confirmation doesn't make one a member of the Church any more than puberty makes a child a member of his natural family. The words of the Bishop at Confirmation, as he

places his hands upon your head, so that the age-long grace may flow into you and make you an adult Christian, clearly imply a family tie: "Defend, O Lord, thy child with thy heavenly grace that he may continue thine forever; and daily increase in the Holy Spirit more and more, until he come into thy everlasting kingdom." Being a Christian means that I am a member of Christ with particular work and great responsibility in His Body. Among other responsibilities I want to see the family grow; I want all God's natural children to come into Christ's Body, the Church. I want all the baptized to be confirmed so that together, strengthened by the grace of Confirmation, we may work to make this world a better house for the family to live in.

Here we are frequently stopped. We have a vision of what we ought to do to increase the strength of the family. We see what must be done to fix up the world so that our brothers and sisters may have a better time, but we cannot do the job. We realize that we are members of Christ's Body, but we are weak members. Again Mother Church comes to our aid and says, "Son, I can see your ideas; your dreams are good and that you are fretting about conditions. You want to go to work but you are weak—perhaps you should better eat before you start." We are like a hand that needs the blood of life poured through its veins and strength to do its task. Being a Christian means that we shall not be called upon to do tasks too great for my strength. I shall be strengthened by Holy Food. The grace and power of love that God through Christ alone can give will come into us. Here is the mystery beyond comparison. Here at the common table of the Christian family we are strengthened. Here we feel surging through us that strength and power with which we cannot go on:—

Let all mortal flesh keep silence, and with fear and trembling stand;

Consider nothing earthly minded, for with blessing in His hand

Christ our God to earth descendeth, our full homage to demand.

King of Kings, yet born of Mary, as of old on earth He stood,

Lord of lords, in human vesture—in the Body and the Blood,

He will give to all the faithful His own self for heavenly food."

—Liturgy of St. James.

That is what it means to be a Christian.

Absolved

Yet sometimes, compelled forward by a craving for this holy and, we are held back by a fear of being unforgiven. It is as though when a boy at home we wanted to join in the family meal, yet now we had disgraced the family by our conduct in the neighborhood that morning. Nothing we do to ourselves will save our conscience. What shall we do? There isn't a man or woman in a Christian family who hasn't that feeling. It's part of human nature yet we dare to call ourselves the family of God. Why? Because Mother Church knows us better than we know ourselves. She knows that her children cannot commit a new sin—she has seen them all before. She knows that each of her children thinks that when he has done wrong he is unique—no one ever did that sinful thing before—and she knows we are wrong. There hasn't been a new sin committed since the dawn of history. But she knows that each of her children thinks he can "get away with" a particular sin. And so she says, "I'll not have you children coming to the table with dirty hands and faces—wash yourselves with the bitter soap of the

Ten Commandments in the cleansing water of Grace and dry yourselves with the towel of Love. You must confess your sins against God and man and 'if there be any among you, who by this means cannot quiet his own conscience but requireth further comfort or counsel let him come to . . . some Minister of God's Word.'" (Prayer Book, Page 88.) That is what it means to be a Christian. Mother Church loves us and will not let us grow up as unfaithful children if she can help it.

The years slip quickly by and as we reach physical maturity some of us feel a lonesomeness for a particular someone of the opposite sex whom we haven't met. And then it happens. We are in love. And the sky is always blue and the job never hard, and sleep—who wants to sleep when there is a full moon out, or a soft breeze, or even a blizzard?—you see we are in love. And Mother Church smiles a knowing smile for she as the Bride of Christ knows perfect bliss—God's heavenly love. When we tell her in our secret way that we love John or Mary and assure her that no one else in the whole world knows it—because we haven't told one one—yet—except her, she says, "That is fine and wonderful—some of my young people fall in love as you have and others fall in love differently. They may not fall in love with another person but most of them fall in love and I want it to be always that way. But as to you two—don't rush your marriage for it's a wonderful thing. I am going to expect you two to be a Christian family, a blessing on the world and, therefore, I must see that it's announced properly by publishing banns. Then I want all the members of my family who know you best to meet in my House and I'll say to them through my priest, 'Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God,

and in the face of this company, to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony; which is an honorable estate, instituted by God, signifying unto us the mystical union that is betwixt Christ and His Church.'" (Prayer Book, Page 300.) That is what it means to be a Christian.

Anointed

And then comes sickness and death. It's part of life—sickness is not part of life as God intended it but it is part of life as it is and Mother Church shows her concern for her children and provides a soothing touch to those who are tormented by pain and anguish. The unction of the sick is too little used. We have not been true to our faith and in this regard have too frequently withheld the Grace God provides for his people. Because of our apostasy all sorts of healing sects have grown up. It is a waste of time to criticize them and point out their mistakes and one-sidedness if we fail to do what Mother Church intends. These sects will not disappear until we of the Church exercise our full ministry, lay and clerical alike. May I commend to you a study of the works of Father Maillard at Milton Abbey in England, and Richard Spread's book, *Stretching Forth Thine Hand to Heal?*

Of all the services of the Book of Common Prayer, the Burial of the Dead is one of the most joyful. It is calculated that of some fifteen hundred million living men in the world, thirty million die every year, which means fifty-seven every minute; so that every second sees a man die. So death is not a rare or extraordinary but a common thing. Mother Church does not think of us as lost at death. The grace of extreme unction and the totally positive attitude of Christian burial speak of God's tender mercies. The emphasis is on the thrill of release when we are no longer confined

to time and space, but rather can go on in the great adventure of a timeless life. Here we must see that being a Christian means being firm and taking a stand against all the pagan customs which are being foisted on us at the time of death by a disbelieving world. Death for a Christian is positive not negative.

Finally being a Christian will mean that God will place his finger on certain men to do a particular work. Mother Church defines that work as Holy Orders. In the words of the Prayer Book (p. 509), "It is evident unto all men, diligently reading Holy Scripture and ancient authors, that from the Apostles' time there have been these Orders of Ministers in Christ's Church—bishops, priests and deacons." Holy Orders is one of the visible ways she keeps her family tied together

and tied to Christ. The grace of Orders is as it were the visible evidence of Christ Himself in each of the several generations. Being a Christian means that there are representatives of Christ in His Church to whom we can turn for blessing and peace. They are the bishops, priests, and deacons who are set apart to cherish in their Orders the age-old character of the Holy Catholic Church. The full meaning of Orders will be seen when the segments of Christendom are again bound together in one.

To be a Christian means that from birth to death, at every step in life, I have a Mother who cares. The marvel of it all is twofold. First, we see so dimly that this Christian Fellowship is a new order in creation. We are different people. We are out to build a Christian Society but in the words

of Nathan Micklem (*The Theology of Politics*), "A Christian Society is not the same thing as a society consisting solely of devout and instructed Christians; rather it is a society resting upon commonly accepted principles which are at once the 'natural theology' of the Church and the tastes of reason and of conscience."

The second marvel is—When God chooses us personally to be part of His Son's Body. Of all the millions of people God might have chosen, He chose us. To be a Christian means then a deep sense of humility. In poetic language it means the heartfelt gratitude of Mary the mother of the Lord.

"My soul doth magnify the Lord and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour, For He hath regarded the lowliness of his handmaiden."

Edward Bouverie Pusey

By PAUL BARSTOW

EDWARD BOUVERIE PUSEY, the man whose unquestionable scholarship formed the stable and unshakable basis of the Anglo-Catholic Revival, and who stood like a rock when the movement seemed to come crashing down around his head with Newman's secession, is perhaps the least entrancing figure of the group. His life was singularly uneventful, and his personality seems forbidding and austere to a generation unacquainted with his real humility. His massive scholarship alone is enough to scare the more timorous, and his stern asceticism seems to chill the blood of the most daring. He almost never wrote a sentence unless he could back it with quotations from fifty great divines. His official biography, although a work of love on the part of his great disciple Dr. Liddon,

runs to a forbidding four volumes. The shorter "Story of Dr. Pusey's Life" by the author of "Charles Lowder" is yet in the style of the turn of the century which moderns find rough going. The only other easily accessible work is his biography by Leonard Prestige, in which the attempt to make a romance of his life is unsuccessful, and the scholarship of which is somewhat dubious. In short, Pusey was not the sort of man to stimulate real interest as a personality. Yet, it is to him that we must largely attribute the lasting and growing effects of the Catholic movement, rather than to the Newman of such literary brilliance and emotional color, or to the calm and gentle Keble. Pusey, indeed, was the rock against which the gates of neither radicalism nor obscurantism could prevail.

Early Life

Edward Pusey was born in 1800, the second son of the Hon. Philip Bouverie, Squire of Pusey and his wife, the Lady Lucy. The Bouveries were a family of great traditions at Liege, and the squire had inherited Pusey House in Berkshire from a distant cousin in 1789. The squire was so much of a conservative as to forbid Edward's marriage for years, because of his future wife's father was a Whig. Yet Edward and his brothers were constant in their regard and affection for him, and he was away with sorrow and with praise, as one who had ever been "pious and bounteous." In the mother's influence, we must see the early training which marked his life that he could hardly say with honesty, "All that I know about religious truth, I learned at least in principle from my

her." Edward learned his schism from hearing his brother recite it to her, and once said that he learned even his doctrine of the Real Presence from her faithful instruction. Edward Pusey's scholastic preeminence is evident from his early youth, good mind being served faithfully by diligence and unstinting effort. If we would believe that Jesus is the infinite capacity for suffering pains, we must concede to Pusey a rich one. Strangely contented to this early scholarship and his general ineptitude at sports, he was an indefatigable horseman and rode to the hunt with no mean skill.

Eton

From this background the religious and eminently studious Pusey went up to Eton in 1812. Pusey was friendly but not engaging, and entered only slightly into the more robust life of his athletic and less studious fellows. His work was uniformly excellent, and the faithful practice of his religion he had learned from his mother was uninterrupted. Edward Pusey never thought of himself as anything but a future clergyman.

Perhaps Pusey's closest friend at Eton was Richard W. Jelf, whom he was to describe later as "my earliest and best friend," and who was to proceed with him to Oxford and Christ Church College, where Pusey arrived in 1819 after a short period of extra tuition. Just before his matriculation he met Maria Barker, the lovely and devoted lady who was to become his wife. He did not at first realize how deeply attracted to her he was, and it was left to his brother Philip to recognize the affection which, when thwarted by his father's hostility to her family's politics, was to lead to a correspondence which very nearly ended his academic career. At Christ Church, Pusey worked with a continued diligence which

was the despair of his friends and resulted in the severe headaches from overwork which were to plague him for so many years to come. A short holiday in Paris was the only interruption of the academic grind which was finally to win him the unbounded admiration of no less a man than Keble, when he passed his examinations with a first-class. On a trip to Switzerland in 1822 he read Byron with the ecstasy of despair and mourned the lady with whom all contacts had been prohibited. Returning to Oxford, he set about with equal gravity the dual task of winning some of his friends from the pleasant if dangerous meadows of agnosticism, and the preparation of himself for the assayed trial for a fellowship at Oriel. Not only had his good friend Jelf recently won



Virgin and Child

this proud honor, but the Oriel fellowship was to be the avenue of acquaintance which would develop into life-long devotion to John Keble. Once again the Oriel policy of selecting fellows purely on a basis of real worth was to add to its Common Room a splendid and thoroughly disciplined intellect. Pusey worked so hard for his examinations that when they came he broke down under a severe headache and requested that his name be withdrawn. The

Oriel examiners, recognizing his merit, refused his request, and one of the fellows even pieced together an essay he had torn to bits in despair. His election was an honor to himself and to those who had recognized his industry and talents. The first and finest fruit of this new office was the lasting friendship of the two greatest religious figures of his time, Keble and Newman, beside whom he was to take his place.

Travels

Pusey had originally given much thought and affection to the parochial life, but under the influence of Dr. Lloyd, the Regius Professor of Divinity, he gradually developed a devotion to the study of Divinity which was to become his monumental life work. After winning the Latin essay prize, he went, on Dr. Lloyd's suggestion, to Germany to study German scholarship and rationalism at first hand. The outcome of this, and another trip two years later in 1826, was the controversy with Rose of which we have spoken and the establishment of a reputation for first-hand and first-class knowledge of German thought. His ordination was delayed so that he might learn more before he attempted to teach others, for it was the professorial career which now was certain to prove his station. His industry was phenomenal, and its physical effects were ominous. He grounded himself so thoroughly in the language and the thought of the ancients, and most particularly the Hebrews, that his appointment, in 1828, to the Regius professorship of Hebrew seemed but natural and just, although he was only a deacon at the time. His marriage, in June of that year, completed the fine beginning of a career destined to be so fruitful. E. B. Pusey had now attained academic position; it only remained for him to throw his influence behind the Oxford Movement.

The Communion of Saints

Delivered at Holy Trinity Russian Orthodox Cathedral, Chicago, Illinois
December 8, 1946

By VLADIMIR S. BORICHEVSKY

"We praise Thee, O God, we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.

All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father Everlasting.

To Thee all Angels cry aloud, the heavens and all the Powers therein.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth, heaven and earth are full of Thy Glory.

The glorious company of Apostles praise Thee.

The goodly fellowship of the Prophets praise Thee.

The noble army of Martyrs praise Thee.

The Holy Church throughout the world doth acknowledge Thee;

The Father of an Infinite Majesty;

Thine adorable, true and only Son;

Also the Holy Ghost the Comforter."

(The Office of Thanksgiving
... Attributed to Saint Ambrose of Milan.)

The Communion of Saints

This ancient hymn of the Christian Church attributed to Saint Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, gives a triumphant expression of the ancient doctrine of the "Communion of Saints." It presents before our mind's eye the glorious panorama of the whole Church of Christ, the Church Triumphant above and the Church Militant in the world, united in singing eternal praises to the Holy Trinity. It is this cosmic fellowship which the Orthodox Church is striving to achieve, as well as to portray, in its ritual, its symbolism, its Divine Services of worship, in short, in the life of the Church.

In the Apostles' Creed the Catholic Christian of the West proclaims, "I Believe in the Communion of Saints." This statement of faith is not found in the Nicene Creed sung in the Orthodox Catholic Liturgy of the East. Nevertheless, this same doctrine is clearly implied in the article of that Creed which states, "I believe in One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church." For the doctrine of the Communion of Saints is not an afterthought, but rather an integral part of the more comprehensive doctrine of the Church of Christ—the Body of Christ.

The Orthodox Church teaches that the Church of Christ is the Everlasting and Eternal, Living Body of Christ, and as such does not have the temporal limitations to which we are physically bound. Its two great divisions, the Church Triumphant and the Church Militant united together form the Glorified Body of Christ. This Living Body of Christ is a spiritual organism composed of a host of individual cells—the individual followers of Jesus Christ, the Saviour, of the past and the present. Inasmuch as we individually are real and active member cells of the Body of Christ, inasmuch do we participate in the Eternal Life in Jesus Christ. The Church of Christ has a great cohesiveness, a unity, or to use the Russian expression, *Sobornost*. The Church always acts spiritually as one great eternal unity, and as such being the Body of Christ, is infallible.

The Divine Liturgy

The inner faith of the Church in this great doctrine of the Oneness of the Body of Christ is clearly expressed and made manifest

in the architectural design, in the symbolism, in the ritual, and in the services of worship especially in the Divine Liturgy. For example, in the Liturgy of Oblation when the Priest prepares the elements for the time of consecration which occurs later in the Divine Liturgy, the Lamb of God is represented by the cube of eucharistic bread placed in the center of the Paten. To the right of the Lamb of God is placed a pyramid shaped particle of the bread which represents the Theotokos, the Mother of God, while to the left are placed, in three rows of three, nine particles of bread representing the nine ranks of Saints. Below the Lamb of God the priest places particles of the eucharistic bread in commemoration of the living and departed. Thus, the paten becomes a real symbol of the Universe, and in particular the Church of Christ on His Throne of Glory surrounded by the Mother of God, the Saints, and a host of believers in the Church Triumphant and the Church Militant. Thus, in the Divine Liturgy the Host is consecrated in the real and symbolic presence of the Church of Christ. In the Church the Orthodox Christian is surrounded by many icons of Christ, the Mother of God, and of the Saints as a symbolic reminder of the mystical unity which exists between him in the Church Militant and the Hosts of Saints and Witnesses in the Church Triumphant. The Great Ecumenical Councils and Local Councils of the Church always convened with invocations and prayers for the real abiding presence of the Holy Ghost, and the Host of Saints and Witnesses of the Church of Christ.

in answer to a question concerning the future life Christ said, "God is not a God of the dead, but of the living, for all are unto Him." (Luke XX, 38.) And since the individual members of the Body of Christ are the component parts of an everlasting and eternal organism, death to them is not the termination of life, but merely the threshold which leads from this life to the eternal life in Jesus Christ. For it was this victory over death of which St. Paul said, "O Death where is Thy sting? O Grave where is Thy Victory? Thanks be to God which giveth us Victory through Jesus Christ." (Romans VIII, 35-36.) If this victory was real; it was not for some future date, we can participate in this victory and its fruits now; then death is no longer the terrible finality that it was before Christ's victory.

We can participate in this victory even now "for, behold, the Kingdom of God is within you." (Luke XVII, 21.) We can participate and benefit in this great victory through a realization of the great Cosmic Fellowship; the Body of Christ, and by taking an active part in the "Communion of Saints." For if, through the communion of prayer which binds the Christian Fellowship in the world, the individual Chris-

tian is strengthened in soul, mind and spirit, then it follows that through the communion of prayer of the Saints the Christian Fellowship in the world and its individual members can draw great spiritual aid and comfort from the vast spiritual resources of those who followed in the Way of Christ before us.

Christ and His Saints

The Saints are not Mediators between God and Man—there is only one such Mediator, Jesus Christ. They are our friends who pray for us and aid us in our Christian Ministry, and in our Communion with Christ. For those who have been saved in the Church, and are now glorified, have received the power and the life of Christ—they have truly become Christ-like. The Saints are former members of the Church Militant who in their life here had proven themselves worthy followers of Christ. They had achieved Christlikeness even in this life.

In every lay profession, whether it be Medicine, Art, Literature or Architecture, one will find the distinguished, the great, or the masters. These are recognized as such because they have achieved a relative perfection in one aspect or another of their particular profession. They are considered

worthy of study and exemplification. Their lives, their techniques, their achievements are constantly sighted for the edification and aid of those who would become great in that particular field of knowledge.

The Saints are such. They are the distinguished, the great, the masters, in Christian living whose lives are worthy of study and exemplification, as aids in following the Way of Christ.

They are the Prophets who proclaimed the coming of the Messiah and Saviour.

They are the Apostles who proclaimed the Gospel throughout the world.

They are the Martyrs who became willing witnesses of Christ, even to death.

They are the Ascetics and Monks who even in this life left the world, and achieved an almost perfect unity with Christ.

They are the Doctors and Teachers who expounded the Gospel of Christ.

They are a Host of Witnesses and Believers whose names or number has never been revealed to us.

Saints are not only possible in the Church, but they are necessary. They are just as necessary as the Great Masters in the Arts. They are the milestones and the guideposts in our long and narrow trek in the Way of Christ. True, between Christ and Man there is no Mediator; for the individual soul is mystically joined with Him in the Body and Blood of the Holy Sacrament. But fellow Christians cannot and should not be isolated from each other in their approach to God. To do that would be a denial of the very doctrine of the Body of Christ which is a complex unity of individual followers of Jesus Christ. It is natural, therefore, for the soul of the individual believer to approach God in the company of



a Host of Believers, Witnesses and Saints. If, while we live in this world, we ask a friend, a dear one, a minister or priest to pray for us because we believe that such prayers are efficacious; then it would be at least a partial denial of our belief concerning the doctrine of the Body of Christ, if we were to cease praying for each other after death.

Participation in the Body of Christ

It is through active participation in the life of the Body of Christ that the individual member becomes conscious of his brothers, and of a Spiritual Fellowship. They are united because they all have a Common Father, a Common Cause, and a Common Goal. Thus, in the Final Judgment when man must stand before Christ, the Lord and Judge, the individual believer will not stand alone. But with him shoulder to shoulder will stand a Host of Witnesses and Saints of his own race and kind—the Virgin Mary, the Prophets, the Apostles and the Martyrs and Saints. They will be a real comfort and aid for they understand the weaknesses and shortcomings of the human personality. Therefore, we continuously pray to the Virgin Mary and the Saints to pray for us before the Throne of Christ, that we too might become glorified in the Body of Christ.

To reject completely or to ignore the doctrine of the Communion of Saints is to suffer a great spiritual loss. For such a believer is destined to follow in the Way of Christ alone, without benefit of the Fellowship of other believers, without benefit of the priceless experience of others who have successfully followed in the Way of Christ before him. To travel alone without benefit of these aids is probable and possible, but unnecessary and foolhardy. A wise traveler will take a chart,

even a poor one, to guide him in his way. Why should we reject the aid and the experience of the Saints who travelled so well in the Way of Christ?

The Orthodox Faith does not believe that the Saints are glorified because of certain special merits, sufficient or supererogatory, which they have achieved before God; nor does the Church believe that in some magical manner the individual Christian lacking in these merits can receive them through prayers to a Saint who has a superabundance of merits. The Sacrifice of Christ on the Cross was sufficient for the salvation of all Mankind.

The Saints are glorified by God, and the Church Militant learns the mystery of this judgment through certain self-evident signs, such as miracles, the incorruptibility of the remains, and especially the spiritual aid received through these Saints. The official recognition of the Church, or canonization, follows these signs. It usually testifies to the facts already evident to the conscience of the Church. It makes the veneration of a particular Saint legal.



Queen of Heaven

Veneration of the Saints

The veneration of the relics of Saints is an ancient custom of the Church. In the primitive Church persecuted by the pagan world the Divine Liturgy was usually celebrated over the graves of the Martyrs of the Faith. To this day the Orthodox Divine Liturgy cannot be celebrated except on an "antimins" which contains a small particle of the relic of some Saint. This veneration of Saints, as that of Holy Icons, is founded on the faith that there is a special connection between the Spirit of the Saint and his remains, a connection which is not destroyed by death. In the case of Saints the power of death is limited. Their souls do not altogether leave their bodies, but remain in spirit and grace in the relics in the smallest portion. These relics are bodies of Saints, who are already glorified, waiting for the general resurrection. The nature of these bodies is the same as that of the dead body of Christ in the tomb awaiting its Resurrection. Although it was abandoned by the Soul, nevertheless it was not completely deserted by His Divine Spirit.

As a constant reminder of the Golden Crown of Saints in the Church Triumphant, the Church Militant consecrates each day of its ecclesiastical year to one or several Saints. Since all the Saints in Heaven are not known to the Church commemorates these on the Great Feast of Saints. Thus, the Church reaffirms its Faith in the Oneness and the Unity of the Body of Christ. The Church Militant ever seeks a real Communion with the Saints. "Calling to remembrance our Holy Immaculate and exceedingly Blessed Glorious Lady Theotokos and Ever-Virgin Mary, with all the Saints, let us commend ourselves and one another and our life unto Christ our God" (From the Ectenia in the Liturgy of the Orthodox Church.) Amen

Priest, Pastor and Prophet

An Ordination Sermon

By JOHN O. PATTERSON

REACHING an ordination sermon is a difficult task. In the first place that which is in our worship speaks far more clearly than anything the preacher might say; in the second place the rubric defining the ordination sermon places a tremendous charge upon the preacher as he enters the pulpit. He is to declare, "the duty and office of such a man come to be admitted priest; it is necessary that order is in the Church of Christ and also how the people ought to esteem them in that office."

One thing above all stands out in my mind today. There has never been a more thrilling time in the world's history to receive Holy Orders. Not since the first century has there been greater need for the Gospel, greater opportunity for the Church.

Few people will deny that this is true. The evidence of the world's need for the good news of our Lord is to be seen on every hand, for we live in a world where men's hearts are failing them for fear. Equally the evidence of the Church's opportunity is to be seen on every hand, the idols in which men put their trust for so long lie shattered at their feet.

The problem is not to convince the Church of men's needs, nor to point out the opportunity that is at hand. Rather the problem is to bring to that need the saving grace of God, to meet that opportunity with all the power of His Holy Spirit.

Priestly Responsibility

To a large degree this is the responsibility of the clergy, for they are commissioned to be "the stewards, watchmen and messengers of the Lord; to teach, to

premonish, to feed and provide for the Lord's family; to seek for Christ's sheep that are dispersed abroad and for his children who are in the midst of this naughty world, that they may be saved through Christ forever."

Only with the acceptance of that full ministry can we hope to achieve that with which Christ has charged his Church. Only as men humbly accept the full implications and responsibilities of Ordination, can we hope to go forth into the world presenting to mankind the glorious good news of the Gospel. This which takes place today makes a priest—a steward of the mysteries of Christ! This which takes place today makes a pastor—a watchman of the Lord's family! This which takes place today makes a prophet—a messenger of the Lord!

Priests, pastors, prophets—this was the ministry of the Apostolic band, this must be the ministry of the Church today. Moreover, if we look to that Apostolic group we will find certain hall-marks of that ministry that readily explain the glorious victory of the Church of their day. They are worthy of the attention of the ministry in ours.



The three dominant notes of the early ministry were consecration, alertness and daring!

To be a priest meant consecration. They walked with Christ and talked with Christ and confessed him as Lord and Master, renouncing self in the service of God.

To be a pastor meant alertness. Believing as they did in the parousia, the second coming of the Lord, their ministry was one of tip-toe alertness, of tremendous urgency. For them this was the opportunity; today was the day.

And to be a prophet meant daring. The cost of following Christ in those days was not a light thing. They looked at the world and saw it to be the opposition—and yet strode forth daringly on a path that led as often as not to death.

So with the man seeking discipleship in Holy Orders today. As a priest he must be a consecrated, converted man—a reborn man.

Full Consecration

No patronizing dismissal of these terms as aberrations of sectarianism can ever relieve us from the necessity of the conversion and the complete consecration of self to Christ. This can be glibly said—it is not so readily achieved. There can be no reservations. Ordination must mean the oblation and offering of all ambition, all effort, all of ourselves, our souls and bodies. The priest is the chosen of Christ—he stands before the world for the person of Christ. His dignity must be the dignity of Christ, not the pomposity of fools. His reverence for his position must be a recognition of delegated authority—not the blustering of autocrats.

His devotions must be the outpouring of a heart on fire—not the mere rules of legalists. And above all his humility must be the true humbleness of a King, not the vain fawning of an opportunist. The minister is to be a priest, a consecrated servant of God.

The man seeking discipleship as a pastor today must be an alert man. There is a great temptation to dismiss the whole idea of alertness by a general condemnation of "activism," by a pious retreat into the realm of the spiritual, by a sectarian doctrine of the futility of works. Such thinking is not Apostolic, Catholic or Holy—indeed, it is little more than an excuse for lethargy.

Bishop Carey once said that if one were to search the world, one would discover that the hardest working men of all would be found in the ministry—and that also the laziest men of all would be found in the ministry.

The pastor is ordained not only to the ministry of the whole Church, but also to a specific charge. His responsibility to that charge is to be found in working with those people as they labor to manifest the Kingdom of God—manifest it in fellowship, in worship, in work and in prayer.

The imminence of the parousia is as great today as ever. The need of the world today is as great as ever. Today is the day! The minister is to be a pastor—aware of the urgency of the Gospel, eager for the welfare of his Parish and his people—an alert servant of God!

And then finally, the man seeking discipleship as a prophet today must be a daring man. The Apostolic band was accused of "turning the world upside down." It is to our lasting condemnation that no such charge is labeled against the Clergy today. Certainly it requires no great perception to see that we are living in the slums of history and will

continue to do so as long as our policy is one of continual appeasement of secularism.

Objectivity of the Gospel

The prophet must dare to challenge and defeat the lie that the Gospel is no more than a matter of subjective emotions and personal opinion. He must teach that the Christian religion is objective to the core. The Grace of God is ministered through the Sacraments, the Churchman needs discipline no less than the athlete, the Christian must be a working member of the Holy Fellowship as the citizen must be a working member of the nation.

The prophet must take his stand that there is a technique of Christian living and of Christian dying and that the law of such a life is first "to love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind" and then and thus "to love thy neighbor as thyself."

For the charge is to proclaim not to opine. The prophet, however unworthy he may sense himself, is an ambassador of Christ—he must be a daring herald of the Kingdom.

Priest, Pastor, Prophet—this is the fullness of the ministry. Only as this fullness is accepted—only as the ministry becomes one of

consecrated stewards, of watchmen, of daring prophets will God's purpose for the Church be accomplished.

Therefore, my brother about to be ordained to this awesome and sacred office, I would offer you a charge in the words of the Apostle Paul:

"We then as workers together with Him, beseech you that you receive not the Grace of God in vain."

"Giving no offense in anything that the ministry be not blamed as God's minister we must be everything to make ourselves acceptable. We have to show gentleness . . . be pureminded, lightened, forgiving, gracious, rely on the Holy Spirit, on unaffected love, on the truth of the message, on the power of God. To right and to left we must be armed with innocence; now humbled, now slighted, now reproached, now flattered. Men call us deceivers and yet we tell the truth; we are unknown yet we are fully acknowledged; dying men, yet we live . . . sad men that rejoice continually; beggars that bring riches to many; have nothing and yet the world is ours!"

God bless you in your ministry—may it be one of consecration, alertness, and daring!



"... these thy gifts and creatures of bread and wine. . . ."

The Office or Vigils of the Dead

By WALTER S. FLEMING

WHEN one enjoys a visit to Holy Cross, one finds the members of the Order engaged, each day, in reciting many offices of prayer and these services consist of Lauds, Prime, Terce, Sext, None, Vespers, and Compline—usually known as the Day Hours. Then, after Compline, the Night Office, consisting of Nocturns or Vigils commonly known as “Matins.” These offices are very ancient and of universal tradition in the Christian Church. And this daily offering of praise to God in the Church is known as “The Divine Office,” or “the Canonical Hours.” The most ancient parts of the Divine Office are the vigil services of Vespers, Matins, and Lauds, Vespers being said at twilight, Matins at midnight, and Lauds in the early morning. In addition to the daily office of the present Breviary, we find several additional offices, among which is the Office, or Vigils, of the Dead. This Office of the Dead originated at Rome in the eighth century, and was soon introduced into the Monastery of Cluny, where it was recited daily. This use spread rapidly, and before the end of the same century the Office of the Dead was being celebrated every day in many monasteries and cathedral churches, and even in some parish churches. In monasteries, and cathedral churches with a monastic foundation, the Office was invariably followed by a Requiem Mass in the chapter after Prime.

This daily recitation of the Office of the Dead, in addition to the other Offices, proved to be a heavy burden. And its use was gradually curtailed in the course of centuries, first by the practice

of saying only one Nocturn at a time, the First Nocturn on Mondays and Thursdays, the Second on Tuesdays and Fridays, and the Third on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Then, in the Reform of the Roman Breviary under Pope Pius V, the daily recitation of the Office was abolished and, instead, the Office was ordered to be said (with one Nocturn according to the day of the week, as stated above) on the first ferial day of each month (with “Mass on the morrow” in cathedral and monastic churches), except in Advent, Lent, and Eastertide. It was also ordered to be said on the first ferial day of each week during Advent and Lent. This rule regarding the Office of the Dead is the one followed at Holy Cross. And in addition to this, at Holy Cross, an Office of all three Nocturns is said in the month of November for all departed members of the Order, and an Office of one Nocturn for Benefactors of the Order. The Roman Catholic clergy are no longer required to recite the Office of the Dead, except on All Souls’ Day—for which Office there are special lessons.

Only Vespers, Matins, Lauds

The Office of the Dead consists of Vespers, Matins, and Lauds, and differs, in many important points from the other Offices of the Roman Breviary. In the first place the Offices of Prime, Terce, Sext, None, Second Vespers, and Compline are not provided for. The Vespers, commonly known as “Placebo,” from the first word of the first antiphon, consists of five psalms, with their antiphons, viz., Psalms 116, vv. 1-9, 120, 121, 130, and 138. After the psalms follows the versicle “I heard a

voice from heaven, saying unto me. R. Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.” Then the Magnificat, with its antiphon. Then follow the “preces,” and various Collects for the departed.

Matins has three Nocturns, each consisting of three psalms and three lessons. The psalms are not chosen in their serial order, but because certain verses, which also serve as antiphons, seem to allude to the state of the dead.

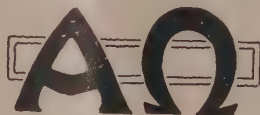
The use of some of these psalms in the funeral service is of high antiquity, as appears in passages from the writings of St. Augustine, and other authors of the fourth and fifth centuries. The lessons, all nine from the Book of Job, are of great beauty and appropriateness. A remarkable feature of this Matins of the Dead is the entire omission on ordinary occasions of the “Invitatorium,” with Psalm 95. In the Benedictine Breviary this psalm, *Venite, exsultemus*, is recited daily at the beginning of the Nocturns, in the Night Office, and has been so used from quite early times. The ancient Roman Office had no such Invitatorium, however. And so we naturally find it omitted in the Roman Office of the Dead, as well as in the Office for the three last days of Holy Week. The Council of Aachen mentions the Invitatory psalm, but forbids its use in the Office of the Dead. This was in the year 816. The same Canon, in speaking of the manner of reciting the Invitatory, employs the very words of the Rule of St. Benedict, which shows clearly that the use of this psalm was closely connected with the Monastic Office. At a much later date the Invitatorium, with Psalm 95, was introduced into the Office of the Dead, to be used only

on All Souls' Day, and at the final obsequies of departed persons. This was because of the general attendance of the faithful at these special times. Some time in the Ninth Century, when the Invitatorium began to be introduced into the Roman Office, in imitation of the Monastic custom, it was at first used only on occasions when the faithful were expected to attend. Therefore the Invitatorium, with Psalm 95, is omitted in the ordinary Office of the Dead for the same reason for which it was originally omitted in the ordinary Roman Ferial Office, namely, because the people were not expected to be present.

The Office of Matins for the Dead begins at once, therefore, with its first antiphon, "Dirige, Domine Deus Meus, in conspectu tuo viam meam." It was because of the first word, "Dirige," that the Office, in mediæval times got to be commonly known in Eng-

land as the "Dirige," a word which is still in common use among us.

The Office of Lauds for the Dead, originally consisted of Psalms 51 and 65, each with its antiphon, Psalms 63 and 67 under one antiphon, the Canticle of Hezekiah (Isaiah 38:10-20), with its antiphon, and Psalms 148, 149, and 150 under one antiphon. At the late revision of the Breviary, under Pope Pius X, Psalms 67, 148, and 149 were omitted, leaving each psalm under its own antiphon, and bringing the Office of the Dead into line with the rest of that revision. After these five psalms follows the Versicle, "I heard a voice from heaven," as at Vespers. Then follows the Benedictus, with its beautiful antiphon "I am the Resurrection and the Life." This



antiphon has a haunting melody which brings out the meaning of the words. After the Benedictus with its antiphon, there follow the preces, with collects and prayers for the faithful departed at Vespers.

This venerable Office, or Vespers of the Dead, dating from the eighth century, and coming down to us without notable change, retains in its archaic forms the memory and atmosphere of ancient Liturgy. It is particularly impressive at Holy Cross, where it is performed with the candles in semi-darkness, no light whatsoever in the Sanctuary, except the two altar candles of bleached wax, and the altar itself enshrouded with a black front. The Lessons (from the Book of Job) are read from a Lectern placed in the centre of the Chancel, and the Office is sung by the Fathers and Brethren with great solemnity.

Liberian Towns: Nyokoetahun

By ALPHEUS A. PACKARD, JR., O.H.C.

AS ONE stands on the highest point within our Bolahun compound and looks northeast, this little town may be seen crowning a hill not far away. To get there you must walk to the marketplace, turn left by the Taawulahun road, then branch off to the right over an up-and-down trail, and at the end of about twenty-five minutes, you scramble up a steep embankment to your goal. Like other native villages the untrained eye at first has difficulty in making it out, for the mud walls and brown thatched roofs of the conical houses blend so readily with the all-encircling green of palms and other varieties of trees. The best way to tell where people live is by waiting awhile for either morning or evening cooking fires

to indicate unmistakably the required location. Some fifty or more huts are in Nyokoetahun, and it is important as the residence of the local Clan Chief Momo Hena. He's a good friend of our Mission, and one of his daughters is an upper-grade student at St. Agnes' School.

Past missionary endeavors here occurred in 1937-8 when Sister Mary Katherine used to go out. She was succeeded by Brother Edward (now Father Harris); and Evangelist Cyprian Ambulay tells me he also went on this patrol for nearly a year before being sent to Kpangehemba five years ago. As is often the case, we found it very hard to drill the hearers into the habit of coming to Bolahun for Sunday Mass. Eventually three persons were baptized. One

couple—a laborer and his wife—moved away later on. An old man, Eli Hale, persevered, and in his declining days lived at the Mission. He died late in 1944.

When Fr. Harris returned to Africa last year, he began going again, with George Lahai as interpreter. After ill-health compelled Fr. Harris' return to America early this year, Fr. Packard carried on, with the invaluable assistance of Cyprian, now one of our four Seminarists. Whereas Yengbelahun, about which I wrote a couple of weeks ago, holds our meetings in a small palaver-house owned by a "Mandingo" gentleman, and enjoy the use of four or five substantial kneeling benches made by Christian carpentry, in Nyokoetahun we meet in the official palaver-house. T

me twelve feet wide and twenty feet high, no benches yet, but mud and a fence to keep out stray sheep and goats, and a small crucifix affixed permanently to the wall. The picture for the future is fairly bright. The clan of the clerk, Charles Kekula, an American Mission boy, is a tower of strength. Eight little boys are day-laborers at our lower school. Girls are being sought to send to the Sisters. 30 to 40 is our usual roll-call. One of the leading men seem to be really interested, and two or three come regularly on Sundays. This is long, slow work in West Africa. But unfailing perseverance will reap fruit, though it comes tardily.



—Trinity Church, New York City
O Virgin of Virgins

Press Notes

We are glad to call the attention of our readers to an attractive and useful booklet, *THE FAMILY EUCHARIST*, edited by the Reverend Dean R. Edwards, Rector of St. Paul's-on-the-Hill, Saint Paul. The Mass is printed in full with a brief commentary and private devotions. The feature of the book is a series of photographic reproductions (fourteen of them) of the principle parts of the Mass. Heavy Paper 75c and Cloth \$1. Order from "The Reverend Dean Edwards, 1514 Lincoln Avenue, St. Paul 5, Minnesota."

We cannot speak too highly of the *HOLY WEEK MANUAL* issued by the Society of St. John the Evangelist, Cambridge. Not only does it contain everything necessary for the parish priest in conducting the rites and ceremonies of Holy Week, but should prove a valuable devotional book for the laity. Durable Cloth binding for \$2. The Editor, Father Maddux, S.S.J.E. has placed us all in his debt by making available this extremely valuable book.

The Holy Cross Press has in preparation a new publication which we hope will be well received and will fill a need in the devotional life of Catholics. It is a Prayer Book similar to the "Anglo-Catholic Prayer Book" published in England. We were fortunate in procuring some excellent quality paper, and the book will be bound in a good cloth. It will be three by five inches in size and about one-half inch thick. Approximately 330 pages. Since the beginning of production (several months ago) there has been a marked advance in the cost of paper, cloth and labour, and The Press will be fortunate to break even on this particular edition of 2000 copies. While we cannot announce a publication date at this time, we will receive pre-publication orders at

\$1.50 per copy. All such orders must be accompanied by remittance. We will acknowledge all orders, but wish to emphasize here that we cannot promise a definite delivery date. As this publication is an expensive undertaking for The Press we hope to receive a large number of pre-publication orders to help us defray immediate expenses. For the time being, at least, the book will be available only through The Press.

PUSEY HOUSE

Pusey House, Oxford, exists to carry on the work of Dr. Pusey, in a University very different from that of his day. It will be celebrating its Diamond Jubilee on May 31st, 1947.

The Chancellor of the University (the Earl of Halifax) hopes to inaugurate a society of Friends of Pusey House. All who are willing to support the work of the House by prayer and alms—both men and women—will be invited to join. (Minimum subscription: 1 guinea (or 5 dollars) annually, except for undergraduates and Bachelors of Arts *in statu pupillari*, for whom it will be 5 s.) It is hoped that the scheme will receive wide support, for the work of the House is expanding in an unprecedentedly full University, and in common with almost all similar institutions it has suffered much financially from present conditions. Its work is mainly with undergraduates and is comparable to our Church Society for College Work.

Not only subscriptions, but also larger donations will be gratefully accepted.

Friends will be kept in touch with the activities of the House, and invited to occasional gatherings there.

All particulars about the Friends can be obtained from Robert Burd, Esq., Pusey House, Oxford.

Our Loveliest Building

Excerpts from a letter from the Father Superior to Mr. Frederick J. Woodbridge, architect of the church at Bolahun. At the time the Bolahun church was designed Mr. Woodbridge was in partnership with Messrs. Lawrence Moore and Almus Evans. He is now associated with Mr. Lewis Adams, their office being at 204 E. 39th Street, New York City.

January 13, 1947
Kailahun, Sierra Leone

Dear Fritz,

After waiting with eager expectation for several years, I have at last seen "our" church as completed. How I wish you could see it, too. You would love it and I think that you yourself would be amazed (as certainly I am) at the real wonder which God has wrought through you.

The Church is the biggest building in the Hinterland. Indeed, there are few, if any, larger in Monrovia. And it is inexpressibly the loveliest building in Liberia. To my mind, it is the most suitable and congruous church edifice for the tropics that I have seen anywhere.

By day-light, the Church is most beautiful and impressive. Until we get the big "west window" adjusted and a campanile for the bell (as a substitute for your wrought-iron belfrey on the roof) the outside is more impressive viewed from the chancel end. If I can make the time, I shall try to sketch it for you as it appears behind three or four rather beautiful trees. As I indicated before, the chief external feature is the long line of massive buttresses, all gleaming white against the surrounding green.

You would love the interior. My idea of a curved sanctuary has been bettered by changing to a square. The "home-made" Altar of red-wood is lovely and Rambusch's hanging wooden (and painted) canopy is splendid. The great crucifix now hangs over and

behind the Altar and is backed by a dossal of native cloth.

Father Parsell thinks that there were 500 in the Church on Christmas Eve. The present seating capacity, however, is not much over 400. I want to make a close calculation, sometime, but am under the impression that seating could be provided for at least 800, possibly a thousand when and if a gallery is needed over the narthex.

Well, all I can say is that I am not only satisfied but that the church is way beyond my fondest dreams. Father Whitall and his unskilled native staff have done an almost incredibly workman-like job and have come near to translating your own dream into actuality even in some of the small details—as, for example, the curved-top, slant-board doors.

One of the fascinating elements in the situation is the reaction of the natives—not only our own church-people—but the countless passers-by, many from a long way off. There is no real analogy. Notre Dame, on the one hand and Rockefeller Center, on the other, impress us with their beauty or their size, but after all they are only outstanding examples of types of edifices with which we

"Europeans" have long been familiar. The reaction of the natives to the Bolahun Church, however, is to something completely unparalleled or unprepared for. It is a wonderful thing, unapproached in size, complexity and magnificence.

All stand and gape at it. Most of the pagan strangers are afraid to enter. The more venturesome are led inside by their Christian acquaintances to wonder at the height and strength of the interior and its glories of detail.

Indeed, the church at Bolahun is the center and the essential thing for a rich, solemn worship of Almighty God comparable to in some great cathedral of the Middle Ages.

So, thanks be to Him and you.

It is left, only, for you to make the journey to Africa to behold what, in social, religious and architectural significance, cannot but be the biggest achievement of your life. It is something we have created (as you and Father Whitall have done) a structure of such immeasurable worth.

Gratefully and affectionately,
our dear Lord,

Alan Whiteman
Superior, O.H.



NEW RECORDS

—The Listener

Composer, Artist, Identification, Number of Discs, Price	Technical	Comments
Bach: Arias. Sung by Marian Anderson. RCA-Victor Chamber Orchestra conducted by Herbert Shaw. RCA-Victor Album DM-1087. Three 12-inch discs. \$3.85.	Marian Anderson's voice is adequate and the orchestral background bespeaks the genius of Mr. Shaw.	Five of the great Bach arias—from church cantatas and one from the <i>Passion According to St. Matthew</i> —comprise this album. The vocal music of J. S. Bach is the culmination of a whole series of musical developments that had their origins in the dramatic operas of Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643), the florid Neapolitan operas of Alessandro Scarlatti (1659-1725) and the brilliant choral-instrumental compositions of Giovanni Gabrieli (1557-1612). The vocal traditions of the Italian south merged, in Bach, with the contrapuntal techniques handed down by such German organ masters as Sweelinck, Scheidt, Pachelbel and Buxtehude. To his credit Bach can number some 200-odd cantatas, the passion music, and the masses. The contralto arias herein recorded are from the Cantatas 12, 81, 112, the Christmas Oratorio, and the Have Mercy, Lord, On Me, from the St. Matthew Passion.
Giordano: Nemico della Patria (from <i>Andrea Chenier</i>) and Meyerbeer: Adamastor, Re il Acque Profonde (from <i>Africana</i>). Robert Merrill, baritone. RCA-Victor Orchestra, Jean-Paul Morel, conductor. RCA-Victor 11-9384. Single 12-inch disc. \$1.00.	Robert Merrill is a baritone of the Metropolitan Opera and a very fine young singer. The recording is an adequate one of two celebrated arias of the bel canto school.	Both Giordano and Meyerbeer knew how to write for the voice and these two selections are familiar items in the baritone repertory.
Handel: The Messiah. Hudsonsfield Choral Society; Isobel Millie, soprano; Gladys Ripley, contralto; James Johnson, tenor; Norman Walker, bass; Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, Malcolm Sargent, conductor. Columbia MM-666. 19 twelve-inch discs. \$22.50.	A superb recording (done in England) of as near to a complete performance of The Messiah as is ever given. Magnificent balance; superb soloists; powerful choruses—all recorded splendidly. This is definitely a recording to add to the library, be that library in parish house, school, choir room, or in your own home.	There is hardly need to comment on this monumental composition from the pen of George Frederic Handel. Since its first performance in Dublin in 1742, the work has been a favorite in all English-speaking countries, and in fact far beyond the borders of Anglo-Saxon culture. The arias, recitatives and choruses are so familiar to all as to be, indeed, parts of our integrated personalities.
Prokofieff: Music for Children. Lev, pianist. Concert Hall Society Release A-C. Three 10-inch discs. \$4.50.	Excellent recording tonally and superbly played.	Prokofieff's music is well known to children because of his delightful <i>Peter and the Wolf</i> . The <i>Music for Children</i> comprises twelve piano pieces written in 1935. Intensely modern in spirit, these little pieces possess charm, warmth, and gaiety that will appeal to the youthful in all age ranges.
Beethoven: Irish Songs. Richard Dyer-Bennet, tenor. Concert Hall Society Release A-G. Three 10-inch discs. \$4.50.	Mr. Dyer-Bennet's light voice seems admirably suited to this music.	Beethoven's Irish songs, like his Scottish songs, represent an early attempt in the history of music to recapture and set down the simple beauty of folk songs. His arrangements, with their preludes and postludes, are simple and direct. These songs can be thought of as quartets for voice and instruments rather than as solos with unimportant instrumental accompaniment.
Grieg: Sonata in A Minor for Violoncello and Piano. Raya Garbousova and Artur Balsam. Concert Hall Society Release A-D. Three 12-inch discs. \$6.85.	Excellent recording in every respect and a fine performance of a work similar in many respects to the <i>Piano Concerto</i> in the same key.	Grieg's 'Cello Sonata is one of the composer's few works of this type. It is an interesting combination of song-like and concerto elements. The work has many Grieg-like melodies and, in many spots, this duo combination sounds as big as any concerto for solo instruments and full orchestra.
Strauss: Death and Transfiguration. The Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, conductor. Columbia MM-613. Three 12-inch discs. \$3.85.	Practically noiseless surface. Volume lacking, however, at the greatest climaxes. A splendid example of the "tone poem" as a musical form.	A modern high-fidelity recording of Richard Strauss's great tone poem depicting the state of mind of a dying man who, weary with struggling, sees his whole life unrolled before him. This work was composed in 1889 when Strauss was only in his early twenties. The concluding portion of the work, after death takes its victim, is an elevating song of deliverance and transfiguration.

Book Notices

THEY SAW THE LORD, by the Reverend Bonnell Spencer, O.H.C. A prayerful study of the Resurrection appearances of our Lord. (Morehouse-Gorham Co., New York: \$3.00, cloth, 225 pages.) THE HOUSEHOLD OF FAITH, by the Reverend H. R. Hunt. A study on the Christian Church in History with special reference to the Book of The Acts of the Apostles. (Morehouse-Gorham, Co., New York: \$1.50, cloth, 125 pages.) CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE, by the Reverend Floyd Van Keuren. A handbook on getting and staying happily married. (Morehouse-Gorham, Co., New York: \$1.50, paper, 182 pages.) THE MOVING OF THE SPIRIT. An approach towards an understanding of the Holy Spirit, by the Head Master of Harrow School, R. W. Moore. The Bishop of London's Lent Book. (Longmans, Green and Co., New York: \$.90, paper, 95 pages.) AN AMERICAN HOLY WEEK MANUAL published by the Society of St. John the Evangelist. The Liturgy from Palm Sunday through Easter Day together with Tenebrae. (S. S. J. E., 980 Memorial Drive, Cambridge 38, Mass.: \$2.00, cloth. \$1.00, paper. 363 pages.) THINK AGAIN, by the Bishop of the Barbados. A non-technical presentation of the fundamental principles of the Faith. (Morehouse-Gorham, Co. New York: \$2.00. cloth. 150 pages.)



Community Intercessions

PLEASE GIVE THANKS WITH US:

- For God's blessing bestowed on the Mission conducted by Father Whitall at Wallkill Prison, New York.
- For the Three Hours conducted on Good Friday by Father Kroll, Holy Cross, by Father Harrison at St. Paul's Church, Troy, N. Y., by Father Baldwin at Ascension Church, in Troy, N. Y., by Father Parker at Christ Church, Yonkers, N. Y., by Brother George Middletown, New York, and by Father Adams at All Saints, Manchester, Boston.
- For blessings on Father Kroll's missionary addresses at the Philadelphia Branch of the Clerical Union.
- For Father Baldwin's missionary addresses and for the showing of Liberian films in missions in the Diocese of Erie.
- For Father Kroll's talk on Liberia, at St. Paul's Church, New York City, and for the showing of the Liberian films at St. George's Newburg, at St. John's, Bridgeport, Conn., and at Berkeley Community School.
- For Father Kroll's ministrations at St. Paul's Church, Brooklyn, during part of March.
- For blessings on Fr. Spencer's retreat for fifteen undergraduates of the University of the South on Passion Sunday at St. Andrew's. For a similar retreat given on Monday in Holy Week to four Seminarians from St. Luke's, Sewanee.
- For God's blessing bestowed on a Mission conducted by Fr. Spencer at Emmanuel Church, Bristol, Virginia-Tennessee, April 20th.
- For Fr. Tiedemann's preaching during Lent at St. James', La Jolla; Church of the Advent, San Francisco; Grace Church, Martinique; St. Matthias', Los Angeles; Trinity Church, San Jose; Church of the Ascension, Sierra Madre; Grace Church, Los Angeles, California.
- For the Mission at Calvary Church, Wadesboro, N. C., conducted by Fr. Spencer from April 27th to May 2nd.

PLEASE JOIN US IN PRAYING:

- For God's blessings on the Father Superior's visitation at St. Andrew's School, Tennessee.
- For blessings on Father Kroll's missionary address at Groton, Conn., on May 7th.
- For blessing on the Retreat for the Sisters of the Transfiguration, Galesburg, Ohio, conducted by Father Harrison, May 16th-22nd.
- For a retreat for laymen from St. Andrew's, Yardley, Pa., to be conducted by Fr. Tiedemann at Holy Cross.
- For Fr. Baldwin's retreat for the chapter of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew from St. Andrew's, Buffalo, N. Y., on May 29, at Holy Cross.

PRIESTS' INSTITUTE

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Registration \$1, tuition and board \$12, payable now to Rev. Albert J. DuBois, 44 Que St., NW, Washington 1, D. C.

An Ordo of Worship and Intercession, May-June, 1947

6. Within the Octave of the Ascension. Semidouble. W. gl. col. (2) of St. Mary (3) for the Church or Bishop cr. pref. of Ascension until Whitsunday unless otherwise ordered.
 7. Within the Octave. Semidouble. W. Mass as on May 16.
 8. Sunday after Ascension. Semidouble. W. gl. col. (2) Ascension cr.
 9. St. Dunstan, B.C. Double. W. gl. col. (2) Ascension cr.
 10. St. Bernardine of Sienna, C. Double. W. gl. col. (2) Ascension cr.
 1. Within the Octave. Semidouble. W. Mass as on May 16.
 2. Octave of the Ascension. Greater Double. W. gl. cr.
 3. Friday. W. Mass of Sunday gl. col. (2) of St. Mary (3) for the Church or Bishop.
 4. Vigil of Pentecost. W. At Mass of the Vigil R. gl. pref. of Whitsunday.
 5. Whitsunday. Double I Cl. R. gl. seq. cr. pref. of Whitsunday until Trinity.
 6. Whitsun Monday. Double I Cl. R. gl. col. (2) Whitsunday seq. cr.
 7. Whitsun Tuesday. Double I Cl. R. gl. col. (2) Whitsunday seq. cr.
 8. Ember Wednesday. Semidouble. R. gl. col. (2) St. Philip Neri, C. (3) Whitsunday seq. cr.
 9. Within the Octave. Semidouble. R. gl. col. (2) for the Church or Bishop seq. cr.
 10. Ember Friday. Semidouble. R. gl. col. (2) Whitsunday seq. cr.
 11. Ember Saturday. Semidouble. R. gl. col. (2) Whitsunday seq. cr.
 - June 1. Trinity Sunday. Double I Cl. W. gl. cr. prop. pref.
 2. Monday. G. Mass (a) of Sunday col. (2) of the Saints (3) for the faithful departed (4) *ad lib.* or (b) as votive of Trinity W. cols. as above pref. of Trinity.
 3. Martyrs of Uganda. Double. R. gl.
 4. Wednesday. G. Mass of Sunday (a) col. (2) of the Saints (3) *ad lib.* or (b) as votive of Trinity W. cols. as above pref. of Trinity.
 5. Corpus Christi. Double I Cl. W. gl. seq. cr. pref. of Nativity through Octave.
 6. Within the Octave. Semidouble. W. gl. col. (2) of St. Mary (3) for the Church or Bishop seq. *ad lib.* cr.
 7. Within the Octave. Semidouble. W. Mass as on June 6th.
 8. 1st Sunday after Trinity. Semidouble. W. Mass (a) of Sunday gl. col. (2) Corpus Christi or (b) before Corpus Christi procession, of the feast gl. col. (2) Sunday seq. cr. L. G. Sunday.
 9. Within the Octave. Semidouble. W. Mass as on June 6th.
 10. Within the Octave. Semidouble. W. gl. col. (2) St. Margaret of Scotland, Q.W. seq. cr.
 11. Within the Octave. Semidouble. W. Mass as on June 6th.
 12. Octave of Corpus Christi. Greater Double. W. gl. seq. cr.
 13. Sacred Heart of Jesus. Double. II Cl. W. gl. col. (2) St. Anthony of Padua, C. cr. prop. pref.
 14. St. Barnabas, Ap. Double II Cl. R. gl. col. (2) St. Basil, B.C.D. cr. pref. of Apostles.
 15. 2nd Sunday after Trinity. Semidouble. G. gl. col. (2) of the Saints (3) *ad lib.* pref. of Trinity.
 16. Monday. G. Mass of Trinity ii col. (2) of the Saints (3) for the faithful departed (4) *ad lib.*
- NOTE: No mention this year of St. Augustine (May 26), Venerable Bede (May 27), and St. Boniface (June 5).

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For further information address the Superior General

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2013 Apple Tree Street, Philadelphia 3, Pa.

THEY SAW THE LORD

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